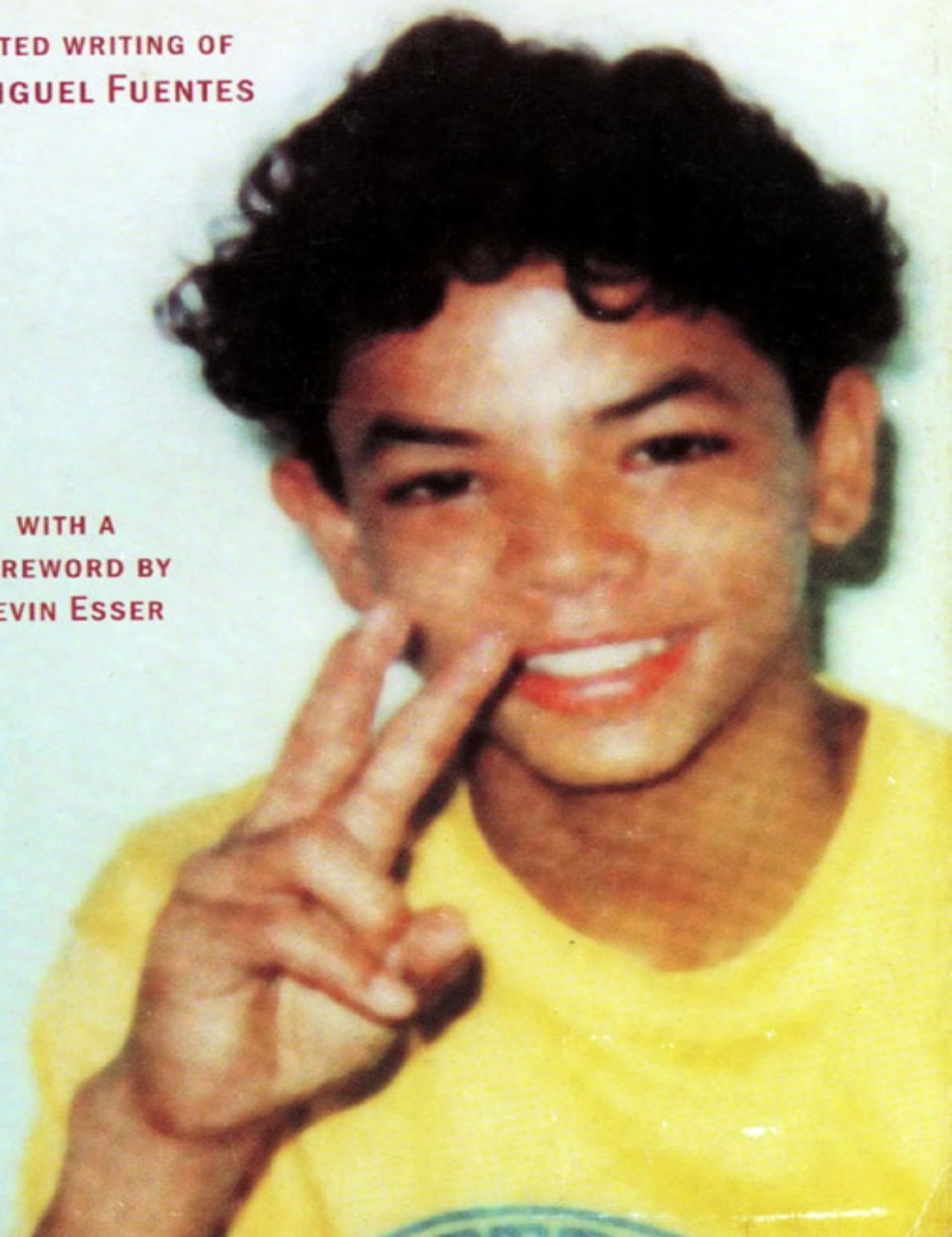


DIARY OF A DIRTY BOY

COLLECTED WRITING OF
LUIS MIGUEL FUENTES

WITH A
FOREWORD BY
KEVIN ESSER



DIARY OF A DIRTY BOY

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One of the truly original voices of gay youth and gay literature in this culture... eerily articulate from the start, a barely pubescent wordsmith with a mature sense and sensibility of anger, humor, irony, and insight.

– Kevin Esser, from the
Foreword

Luis Miguel Fuentes writes out of his own experience of growing up poor in New York... It is a world where family ties are utterly broken (except perhaps between brothers or between grandmothers and grandchildren), where police fear to tread, where drugs, murder, sex in all its variations prevail, where a young boy is forced to become independent long before his voice has changed. Luis... paints this world for us in all its color and harshness and tells of his sexual liaisons with men and boys, his fights, his loves and his losses. A vivid glimpse into his life, frequently tragic but often catching an intense kind of beauty, in a ghetto most Americans would prefer to believe existed only in TV cop shows.

– Frank Torey

At last we have collected the writings of Luis Miguel Fuentes. Many readers of since lost periodicals and paperback anthologies were enthralled by a writer they first thought to be years older, only to fall in love with the actual boy who was thirteen when these stories began to appear. Then those readers imagined meeting, nurturing, saving this boy-genius like a “catcher in the rye”. But in fact it is he who will save us, with his authentic voice of truth that will live forever.

– Mike Merisi

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DIARY
OF A
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*collected writings of
Luis Miguel Fuentes*

THE WALLACE HAMILTON PRESS
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DEDICATION

If I wanted to I could probably make this dedication as long as the book itself...

First of all I want to thank the people that made this dream into a reality. One is Christopher Farrell, who played such an important part in me picking up a pen and actually writing.

Also, Christopher DuBarton. These two guys believed in my writing enough to actually give me this chance. They made this “Dirtyboy’s” dreams come true.

This book is dedicated to my “Papi” Kevin Esser who held my hand and encouraged me. Who without there wouldn’t have been anymore “tomorrows,” as many times as he assured me things would get better, that there was always a light at the end of the tunnel, when all I saw was darkness. *Te quiero mucho.*

Equally dedicated *pa’ el dueno de mi corazon.* Miguel. My baby, my heart, my life... *mi vida! Para mi santos Elegua, Obatala. Yemeyá, Changó, Oyá, Orúnla* — the forces that guide my life. For my father, may your soul rest in peace. I only wish you could be here to share my happiness. My guiding light. Last but definitely not least, to my puppies. All the little souls that have touched my heart in ways no words can express. I love you all!
XOXOXOXOXOXO

Luis Miguel Fuentes 1998

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FOREWORD BY KEVIN ESSER

In 1990 I was introduced to a thirteen-year-old messenger of chaos named Luis Miguel Fuentes. We were brought together by Chris Farrell, then editor of the *NAMBLA Bulletin*, in one of those rare and serendipitous conjunctions of life and love and art. Luis was already writing by then, turning out a stream of stories and confessional articles for the enjoyment, and frequent heartbreak, of *Bulletin* readers. From the start, his efforts were so strong and precocious that many readers doubted not only his identity, but his very existence; I was one of the writers often accused of creating this persona, this alter-ego, as some sort of cheap literary illusion. Not so, of course. Luis Miguel Fuentes, known publicly at first as Luis Miguelito, was very much a reality, a boy of genuine flesh and blood who struggled with drugs and violence and AIDS while becoming one of the truly original voices of gay youth and gay literature in this culture.

A brief dip into any of his works quickly reveals the qualities that Luis brought to the gay and boy-love literary scenes. In all of his pieces for the *Bulletin* (and in his many stories for the *Acolyte Reader* series), Luis managed to combine the gritty urban realism of writers such as Paul T. Rogers (*Saul's Book*) with the exotic lyricism of William Burroughs and Hakim Bey, influences which Luis himself happily acknowledges. However, his earliest and most powerful influence, according to his own testimony, was a novel by this author called *Streetboy Dreams*, which uncannily reflected his own inner-city experience and inspired him to become his own literary witness. This artistic journey began at the age of eleven, when he stole a copy of *Streetboy* from a local bookstore and first awakened to the mystical potentiality of the written word. After that, he never slowed down. This Latino Mozart, this streetboy prodigy spinning dreams with words instead of music, somehow managed to find a full-grown voice for even his earliest pieces of work. He was eerily articulate from the start, a barely pubescent wordsmith with a mature sense and sensibility of anger, humor, irony, and insight. His first full-fledged story ("Josh and John — Or I Just Can't Get Enough"), written for the *Fifth Acolyte Reader* when he was still thirteen

years old, launches us with confident skill and energy into his personal universe:

It's another world wherellive. All sounds, sights, and smells foreign to these guys, but home to me. Merengue, salsa, and garlic fill the air. We hit St. Nicholas Avenue and 172nd and turn right... everyone knows me, a million people fill the streets. These guys look real out of place. The only white faces on my block are from New Jersey, there to cop drugs, ya know?

To my building... located between Audobon and Amsterdam Avenues. I live in a five-story walk-up, made sometime around 1890... Sometimes we got no heat, and a lot of the time we got no water at all, or if we do, no hot water. New York, "big city of dreams"... yeah... fuckin nightmares. Thank god all is OK this week. Our apartment is in the basement across the hall from the block's gambling casino... no rats inside the apartment like our last one, just behind the walls trying to break through. I'm used to it, but it freaks the cat out big time.

This was a new and startling take on the boy-love milieu. Almost single-handedly, Luis brought an ethnic voice and aesthetic to the monotonously white-bread genre of BL literature. He helped to shatter the crypto-Aryan ideal of blond-haired, blue-eyed, ivory-skinned perfection, opening the literature up to darker, richer, more diverse flavors of black and brown, Cuban and Dominican; voices and faces of the inner-city, the ghetto, the mean streets of Harlem and Washington Heights. He announced this new credo explicitly in "Soon to be Fifteen" from the *Sixth Acolyte Reader*.

I dream of a white boy, a Spanish boy, a black boy and an Asian naked. On my hands and knees while I take my time with each.

Equal opportunity passion, sometimes even romanticism, spiked with anger and honesty and cool intelligence: this was the brew that Luis concocted in story after story. Above all else, honesty. Again and again he forced us to deal with the often cold and dirty reality of sexual hypocrisy:

He splashed all over my back and cheeks and stuff. He left me to sleep on the couch and ran back to his stinkin wife. In the morning, he kissed

me with his tongue and shelled out two 100 dollar bills and a 50, too. He was nibblin on my earlobe when he said, "Iloveyou, Luis, and I want to be with you forever..." "Yeah, sure!" I said in my mind. ("Suburban Adventure," NAMBLA Bulletin, October 1992)

Or:

Stephen puts me on the first train in the morning. Cold as ice. He doesn't even look me in the eye. Just leaves me how I came. Plus \$100 in my shoe to make me feel the street more. On my foot and in my heart. I never hear from Stephen again. Better to leave things as they are... I'm sure he's cruised the arcades, but if so we've missed, like people going different ways in a revolving door. ("Revolving Doors," Sixth Acolyte Reader)

Or again:

...I'd always catch a flustered, excited middle-aged man get off the train at his businesslike stop and turn to watch the train doors shut on his fantasy which turns into a lunch break jerk-off session in some bathroom stall. ("The Big Payback," NAMBLA Bulletin, September 1994)

Over and over we get the hypocrisy and the cold-hearted deception shoved in front of us, making it impossible for us to look away. Startling stuff to an audience lulled into complacency by the cheesy, leering theatricality of poseurs such as Casimir Dukahz, writers who routinely celebrated the boring objectification of boys while posing as their comrades and liberators. This new brand of BL writing from Luis was straightforward and in-your-face, direct and hot-blooded correspondence from the front lines of sexual combat. No pretense, no artifice, no clumsy role-playing. No phony, cloying tales of British boarding schools and Boy Scout camps and alien catamites from outer space. Instead, this teenaged prophet forced us to remember that sex is just two animals fucking, that love is something else, that sometimes the two go together and sometimes not. By the time he hit adolescence, he had already recognized, in life and in art, the dishonest snare of sentimentality for what it is. If his talent made him exceptional, it was his age, of course, that made him unique. Alone in the whole of gay literature, from Ginsberg to Holleran to

Kushner, Luis Miguel Fuentes was the only young adolescent producing important, authentic works of memoir and reportage. He was writing from current and vivid experience — not memory, not speculation, not frustrated imagination. Unique among everyone in his field, he was an honest-to-god teenager, a solitary voice of authenticity among the chorus of horny middle-aged men stroking off with one hand and writing (badly, for the most part) with the other. His youth and high spirits were also evident in the exuberant, athletic varieties of sex that he described in his stories. In “Josh and John” we get:

I went home with a hundred and fifty dollars and found a room full of crashed naked boys. ...Being I am who I am, I went out of control. I couldn't decide whose ass to lick first, so I went from butt to butt probing with my tongue and jerking off at the same time. I could only raise a drop, and my dick was on fire, but sometimes I just can't stop, I can't get enough.

And from “Soon to be Fifteen”:

Anyway, I'm taking my time, feeling the curves of his cheeks, his legs, his back, and grabbing his bolsa y guevo, as I feel myself up at the same time. I sniff and lick each boy, imagining each is really me. They sit in a circle, and somehow all of them are bursting in my mouth at the exact same moment — and I am squirting into the air.

He could be, when the mood struck him, just plain hot. But sex, more often than not, was a quick and ruttish business for Luis and his characters, something to do, not something to idealize. Unlike writers such as Hakim Bey, who beautifully celebrate eroticism as pure aesthetic, Luis seldom bothered with eroticism at all; he preferred to stay at the level of down-and-dirty sex, a gamy affair of hard dicks and cum (and AIDS), nothing prettified about it.

That, finally, was the essence of his art: Nothing made pretty or antiseptic for public consumption. No sugar-coating, no happy endings, no neat contrivances or feel-good gimmicks to satisfy anyone's political or sexual agenda. The discouraging paradox of BL literature has always been its rigid adherence to a propagandistic party line, that this alleged literature of

liberation should conform itself so mindlessly to one sexual-political doctrine of insipid, sentimental sweetness-and-light. The fact is, of course, that some men *do* hurt boys and use boys and treat boys like shit; that some boys *are* duplicitous and manipulative; that man-boy relationships run the gamut from divine to hellish, from blissful to disastrous. Luis has always examined these truths with a starkly honest and unbiased stare, with no need or desire to homogenize his message for a squeamish audience or to propagandize for a chosen cause.

At the same time, he poses a disquieting challenge to the so-called “mainstream” gay community, to those ersatz libertarians who deny the very existence, let alone legitimacy, of adolescent sexuality. In its lap-dog bid for respectability, the queer establishment has become a traitorous camp of political gamesmanship and double-dealing, eager to sell out anyone under eighteen (maybe twenty-one next?) in order to secure its own position at the master’s feet. Luis presented a living, breathing threat to this corrupt status quo by the testament of his own existence and sexuality. It’s one measure of that threat, sad to say, that his work has always been confined to brave-but-small radical publications, safely removed from the clean, newfound respectability of Mr. and Mr. Gay America.

Too bad, because while Lance and Scott are sipping their imported beer and listening to Disco oldies on CD, they’re missing something remarkable. They have no idea, thanks to Master Control, that an extraordinary writer named Luis Miguel Fuentes came along in 1990, one of those brilliant young heretics and saboteurs who undermine convention, shatter orthodoxy, and leave everything just a little bit different than they found it. What’s more, he accomplished all this in a rush of jazzy, improvisational prose as delicious as unexpected sex, with no academic restraints or inhibitions, a style of writing that hits the page with a wild and unsettling force, even violence, like the sudden messy spatter of blood or semen against a whitewashed wall. This guy was an artist, and a warrior, and he never stopped trying to slap us all awake from the comfortable dreamland of our dogmas and illusions.

DIARY OF A DIRTY BOY

REFLECTIONS

I guess I never really thought I could actually die. The husla myth that everything's gonna be all right, the feeling of constant control over other people led me to feel kinda like a superhuman-type power. Able to leap tall buildings in a single-bound-type shit. Imagine me, Miguelito, the prince of the streets. The king of the Deuce. Every mama's nightmare. Every john's wet dream. Walkin the walk, talkin the talk. Got the strut otha kids be copy in front of the mirror. Practicin the words I be twistin into a new ghetto street slang. Me, sick? Me, dying?

A year to live. Like doin time, I'm countin the days. Goin outta my mind. Massive chemotherapy got me runnin to the spot for a bundle. Fuck the herb. Strip a killer of his toolie and he stands as bare as a baby. Strip a junky of his works and he's alone in a jungle. I remember my mother makin her own works with a baby nipple and an eyedropper... even saw her usin a pin from a basketball pump. Sharpened to a T and when she pulled it out, blood spurted as high as the lights. I figured all the dope woulda shot out too but somehow, she was catchin nods.

The cancer started in my blood with a spot on my lung and spread to my stomach. "Don't worry, kid, we'll give you massive doses of chemotherapy to arrest the cancer cells, maybe we'll slow them down for a while but they've already spread too far to stop them altogether..." I cried today for the millionth time. I used to cry 'cause I felt sorry for myself. You know, no food, no clothes, no home... goin from arms to arms, hand to hand, bed to bed, body to body. I think I was HIV positive before my thirteenth birthday. And I guess this purple lump on my neck wasn't a hickey after all. I sit waiting for the day my soul is free so I can float back and forth between New York City and Santo Domingo and Sandburg, Illinois.

Sandburg... the one place in my life, the one place in my world that I was actually allowed to laugh for free. My spirit sang like a bird every day, every night. I'd wake up Kevin in the middle of the night almost shakin. "Yo popi, what's that noise, popi, it's scaring me!" He'd always laugh but never loud enough to offend me. "Looie, Looie, it's only the wind and the house settling." As he cooed and petted my hair I would fall back to sleep always

dreamin about being chased, being beaten, the cops are at the door, or a trick I robbed has me locked in a car driving away into the darkness. See, I have never been at ease for more than a few minutes. A brief spell of hugs and kisses and the mixture of bodily fluids... now has me spreadin the sheets on my deathbed.

I remember when I was little and actually ventured outside of the couple hundred square blocks I knew as my stomping grounds and got on the first Greyhound bus I ever stepped foot on, bound for Illinois. All the things that counted to me fit in a backpack. A guiding voice on the phone became a scratchy beard rubbin my smooth cheeks till I screamed with happiness. I threw my arms around him and as soon as we pulled away from the station, shoved my tongue in his mouth and he almost drove off the road and killed us both. I would've died that day at the peak of my happiness.

I remember like just yesterday I was talkin to Chris Farrell on the phone tellin him how Kevin is my favorite writer and here I am today, in his car and on the way back to his house for our honeymoon. Pulling for the first time down a gravel driveway that could've been the same one that Opie walked down as he carried his fishing rod to the stream, whistlin in his free-spirit way. Whistlin the exact same song that I was whistlin that first day. This was different. Different from the many men I've gone home with before. This one had no bargaining before it, no inventing prices for sex services in a fast-food joint. No. This one took many months to come to terms with each other. Many months for me to break down the barriers of mistrust I had built so professionally to protect myself from people in my past who filled my little head with ideas and fantasies about actually being rescued and taken from my ghetto misery. Plans that never amounted to anything more than me takin it in places I never wanted to anyway. This was different. This was love. This was the father I never had. The soul that matched mine. The words that massaged my soul. This was the love I never got at home. The attention I always begged for. The one person who let me be his whole world where all else came second. For once in my life I was somebody's first priority. First-class treatment, instead of gettin swept under the rug.

"My Looie," he used to repeat over and over kinda in the same way I pray to the Orishas...Chango and the rest of the crew. The smell of fresh-cut lawns fills my nose instead of the usual diesel fuel and bodies burning in a local boiler. "Daddy," I'd call him. Yes, Daddy being as I never got to know my real daddy aside from the day he died shielding me from a rain of bullets.

My daddy died or rather was murdered before his twenty-fifth birthday. I never thought too much about it, being a kid and all, but the truth is Kevin probably needed me as much as I needed him. The son he never had. The boy who didn't have to run home to eat or answer to any adult about "the man down the block" and never had the old "did he touch you in any way, Timmy." Nah, I was all his for the takin. Mind, Body, and Soul. My daddy. His son.

Although I loved the tranquility of this Illinois suburb, it never took me more than a few weeks before I needed the anarchy back in my life. The confusion. The games. The absolute treachery of New York City. It's what I needed, and to speak the truth, it's what got me in the end. "People seem to live forever in Sandburg," I used to tell Kevin when I went out there for the first time after my ma died. I couldn't think of two nice words to put together 'bout her crackhead ass anyway.

Never forget the first time Kevin introduced me to the crew of kids who used to hang out and keep him company when I wasn't around. A crew of white, poor to middle-class freckle-faced kids who only half believed the crazy stories I used to run about my life on the streets. I never could tell if they actually liked me or they just felt sorry for my raggedy Dominican ass. Funny thing is, they all came and went and I stayed forever. "Till death do us part," I used to whisper into his ear. "Till death do us part." He used to get all teary-eyed and start vowing his never-ending unconditional love to me, then slip in the fact that he felt we were together in another life and will meet again in the next. I remember I used to be so scared that he was gonna die someday and leave me behind, and look, now it's me the one that's dying and ready to leave him behind.

The first time I went to chemotherapy I decided it would be the last. I mean fuckit, if they only gave me a year to live why go out in misery. I think my body's already too weak to have to cope with some devil shit like that. Then I woke up the other day and was coughing up blood... not spots of blood but almost mouthfuls of blood, so I went back to my doctor. I never knew I could drown on my own blood, but he insists they have to drain my lungs. Now the cancer has spread. "It's spreading fast, kid, it's now in your stomach too." I hate doctors. I wish I could deal with botanicas and spells to rid my diseased body of these invaders.

When I die, I want it to be in Santo Domingo. On the beach. In the sun. Surrounded by the love of my country, not the hate of New York. I never

seen a place like this where everyone hates everyone. “Gotta watch that kid, he been talkin shit ‘bout you, Luis.” Damn, he used to be my best friend, now look, talkin shit. Kid ‘ll rob his momma blind just to get a crack... fuggin New York. I still can’t figure out why all the families in Dominican Republic be savin they crumbs togetha just to get to this place, when there’s nuthin more any of us would rather do than go home. Burn my body and spread the ashes over Puerto Plata. Or mix ‘em with a fifty-dollar bag of Chronic and smoke ‘em... fuggittttt.

1997

SPEAKS LOUD AND CLEAR

My name is Luis — I am 13 and will be 14 next year. I know about your club from a man friend I know. I stole a copy of the *Bulletin* from him — he had about 14 or 15 different ones. Maybe I can write something for your magazine — I like to write stories true and false. I can tell stories about the Dominican Republic, where I was born, and about street life. I ran away before and hustled, sometimes still too. I have cum since I was about 10 1/2 and have been active since. I love boys but I LOVE MEN. I have a lot of sex with both. And can write about it.

Just about me — so you know.

I was born in the Dominican Republic in 1976. My parents were poor and we lived in a place called Villa Progresso. When I was 6 we moved to NYC because my father was working for his family. He was opening a drug spot in New York. Well — he was killed when I was eight. And in the course I got shot in the chest. The bullet hit my rib and stopped — and my father died. My whole life changed around after this. My mother spoke no English and we had a hard time. My mother would have a lot of different boy friends. Some boyfriends would like me too. I have messed around with other boys since I was five or six in my country and always even picked my friends by if they made me feel sexy. I had a lot of sex by the time I was 11 and was already able to come.

I love to have a man who can make me feel special and respect me for who I am and respect my opinion and my choices. I always have two lovers, a boy and a man. I am 13 and I love sex and I hate girls for sex — and knew it since I was five. I have been with every boy or man I ever wanted. I guess I am spoiled. But I love life!

More about me: Like I say — We live in Washington Heights, we lived here for all different times after my Daddy got shot. We also lived in the Martinique Hotel on 32 Street and there I learned about sex for \$. But always safe and picky. (Don't get mad.)

Our building is from the 1890s. My grandma lived here for about 30 years. You can hear rats behind the wall. It is drug infested — the neighborhood. But our building is OK, no crack or coke, only reefer on the

fourth floor. Sometimes no heat or hot water which sucks — I hate to be poor. Maybe someday I'll be a famous writer.

I love music a lot. Rap music and salsa. I cook a lot and help the super sometimes cause I like to build stuff. I like to draw too.

School! I hate school. I can't sit still — it is boring. I only like gym. I had teacher who used to flirt with me and stuff too. I don't go to school also (please don't get mad) because I left a group home to stay with *mi abuela*. My mother use to take needles and smoke crack too and she died in May just before my birthday. I haven't been to school for a long time. I miss it a little — but up here — a lot of kids don't go to school.

I read and go to library for my education. Also — I had a lot of bad time at school. Specially since I don't like girls. And people talk when the teacher spends special attention to me and drives me home and shit.

What do I do? well — I read, go library, hang with some friends, shop for my family, pack bags at the market, play Nintendo (I got 32 games), jerk off (a lot), go to the roof, smoke reefer, (don't get mad, but I want to tell you all the truth about me). I sex a lot with my friends, cousins, boy friends, man friends. I keep busy. I like sex sometimes too much. I'm always catching hardons looking at boys' asses and men's bulges.

March 1990

THE BEACH

When I think of the beach
I think of sand down my suit
I think of hardons pushing
in the sand as the waves
tickle my legs and butt.

When I think of the beach
I know you are watching me
trying to guess how big it is
or how old I am.

When I think of the beach
I think of bar-b-ques
and brews. Reefer too.

When I think of the beach
I think of you
You washing the sand from me
as we make love in the showers
hoping no one catches us —
Oh — by the way I'm 13.

January-February 1990

SPEONK SPELLS TROUBLE

I know the difference between men boy lovers and men who hurt boys. A few times I made mistakes with men and had to pay for it. Example: A man picked me up at Playland 48th Street last year. He said all I got to do is pose for some pictures for \$1,000 — shit — I almost died — well — we drove to Long Island somewhere. We get to his place and then we smoke some pot. And I strip. Then he gives me vodka and orange juice and — he starts to take some pictures — next thing — my head get heavy & I can't keep it up straight and I start dreaming. Well — he started touching me & it was blurry — and I feel Vaseline or cold cream or something being put on my ass! Uh oh... I wake up in the woods — way out in a town call Speonk — I never even heard of it. I had a \$20 bill in my pocket (I was dressed.).

So I walked until I found a road & flag down a car who drove me to a train station (LIRR). I tell him I'm lost and shit. It took about 2 hours to get home — it was fucked up.

When I got home — I took a shower & he must have fucked me hard cause there was small blood stain on my underwear. I was sore & my uncle saw the blood and he fucked me up!

The lying bastard from Long Island stole my gold chain. (I'm sure it wasn't worth much but my father bought it for me in '82 so it meant a lot.) The fucked up thing was — I was dreaming during the car ride with the man of what I would spend the money on and it was gifts for my mom, grandma and brothers and sisters... Some people are fucked up. I just lucky he didn't kill me or something. Shit — he could have really gone pyscho.

I hope I didn't bore you with my story. But a man like that hates boys. I love to be hugged and loved — and not hurt. You can understand? Right?

I wish all men loved boys and boys loved men and everyone did it and understood and didn't have to hide. I think all men do love boys and vice versa — but they're just afraid to admit it to themselves. They hide it from themselves.

Look I wore out a pen writing this. I better go because my grandma (*abuela*) is staring at me writing. She knows I play around with boys and men. But she can't speak English, so this story is our secret!

Salud! Paz! y Mucha Felicidad!

April 1990

LOUIS LIKES BOYS — GET THE PICTURE?

First off — I love pictures of boys — it is one thing I like the best. Don't get me wrong. I love men a lot but I love boys and I love to look at boys and have sex with them. I make love with some of my friends & cousins and shit. SO — the pictures make me horny — specially one Indian boy picture I've seen. And — I think I've seen one of my cousins in a few *Bulletins*. I'm almost positive.

I got a book called *Sandpiper* which is the best. I love it. It's got kids my age and younger and older from Africa and Europe and shit.

Sandpiper is by far my favorite “bathtub book.” I take a long hot bath and look at these naked boys from around the world. I imagine me there with them running naked, swimming and playing. I wish I could have 1,000 books like this.

It has neat ass shots of people my age and a little younger. I have busted a million nuts on the stomachs and asses of these boys.

I also have two copies of the German magazine *Jimmy*, but when I can't understand a word in the magazine I am limited to jerking off to the few pictures. I also have three copies of *Beach Boy*, which I shot a million to as well. I especially like the candid ones in the back. I love looking at naked boys, but never get much of Chinese kids or Oriental or Indian.

Why don't you show more wrestling boys in the *Bulletin*? I love those — if anyone has any X-tra photos of wrestling boys, send them to me if you can. Send them in care of the *Bulletin*.

I read a lot too! I love to read, read, read, read, read. I love to read boy books. I love Kevin Esser. He is my favorite writer in the world. I read *Streetboy Dreams* — it's my life a lot — and *Dance of the Warriors* too. And I love his short stories — he's the best. I love Hakim Bey's poems. I write poems sometimes too.

I'm reading *Teardrops on My Drum* now. It is a good book. Sad — but good.

Also — I'm bilingual. I read and write in Spanish and English. But I don't write Spanish as good as I read, talk or listen cause I suck at Spanish grammar.

May 1990

IT'S BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST?

About two years ago when I was going on 12-years-old and I was tricking in Playland on 48th between Broadway and 7th. I was with my cousins, *mis primos*, Rico, Angel and Carlos. We got up at about 11:30 am with three bags of weed. No different from any summer day at Trickland. I was sitting on a yellow cab, rolling blunts, when a man came to me. I never seen him before. "A new face," I thought to myself.

He spoke little English and asked me if I was hungry. Bingo! We went to Frosty's for cheeseburgers and shakes. His name is Josemillio; he's from Venezuela, here on business. So he asks me how much and we agree on a price and shit and go to his hotel. *Diablo!* He takes me into the lobby of the Marriott Marquis. We got upstairs to his suite. *Mierda!* I was amazed. It was dope. Stupid big. I was living in the Hotel Martinique — what a difference.

Josemillio is fresh. Thirty-one, dope looks, fresh clothes, stupid paid. Drugs? I don't know; it's not my business. He didn't say anything when I lit a blunt, but he didn't smoke either. After I got stimulated, he put on some music. Shit, wouldn't you know it — Eddie Santiago. "*Tu mequemas...*"

I was buggin', fucked up and buggite. Jose starts undressing me. First, he opened my shirt, then started running his hands all on my tits and stomach and licking me. I was so horny that I started ripping off my pants. I was rock boy. But he pulled my hands away, told me "*Espera*" — wait — shit, I was dying. He started feeling my ass and rubbing my *buevos*. I was ready to bust any second. He untied my sweat pants and took them off. Of course, I got no underwear. Then he lays me on this huge bed, and I mean huge. Bigger than my room. He slipped his hand under my neck and my knees and carried me into the shower. He joined me where I was, under the water. He started soaping me up. Scrubbing my body, my dick, ass, massaging *mi nalgas*, my cheeks, and playing with my hole. Shit. Then he got down and, started blowing my ass cause I say "*Mama mi culo.*" I was loving it. He was licking and sucking. Then I say to him, "*Jose, mama mis huevos*" and he sucks for about three or four seconds and I busted.

Josemillio finished washing us and carried me back to his bed. He pulled K.Y. from his bag and started putting it all over his dick and all over my ass.

It was no ordinary trick. He was a lover. I put a pillow under my dick to get ready for him. He was not big, average, maybe six inches. I let him screw me and he lasted a long time. He was gentle and loved to deep kiss me while he fucked. He kept saying, "*Luis, yo te amo. Luis, es la verdad, yo te amo.*" He busted all over my backside. It kept squirting hard and hot. I fell asleep as he was toweling me down.

I woke up at 8:30 pm. And I woke up Jose too. "Jose," I say. "*Popi, yo tengo hambre,*" — I'm stupid hungry.

Dinner was dope. We laughed and really got to know each other. I was really falling for him. After dinner, he asked me where I lived. I took him to my house and he met my brothers and sister. My mother was out. He was depressed when he saw me from a welfare hotel.

The next three weeks I was in heaven. He gave me \$100. He treated me like I was a son. He listened to my problems, cried with me, laughed with me. I showed him NYC: museums, parks, and my life.

"Josemillio, I love you," I said, after our third week together. "I love you so much; please never leave me. Promise."

Josemillio started to cry and held me tight. He said, "Luis, I love you so much my son, but I have to leave soon. I have a family; I have two children."

I begged; I said, "Please, take me with you, please." He said it was impossible, that his wife would never accept me because she is aware of his attraction to boys. I was crying like when my father died. I thought it wouldn't stop.

I lay on top of him as we hugged naked and crying.

"Please Josemillio I love you, not for sex and money but I love you because you love me." I couldn't sleep. I cried most of the night. After room service brought breakfast I went to take a shower. When I came back, Josemillio had left. Gone, not a word.

I collapsed on the floor. My life was over. The weight was so heavy I couldn't get up. There was a note with his address in Venezuela and \$600 in cash.

I wrote to Josemillio that day and I got a letter back from him saying his wife knows. She found my pictures — clothed and naked — and she read my letter. He asked that I didn't write and when he comes back to New York he would come to my hotel.

Everyday I thought of Josemillio. I waited for him to come. Then they closed the hotel and we went to a shelter. How is he gonna find me? I was at

Trickland everyday I could. Waiting, dreaming. Then they closed Trickland. I never saw Josemillio since.

Now you know why I don't like to be in love with people and shit.

July-August 1990

JOSH AND JOHN
(OR I JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH)

Last summer, when I was thirteen, was the first year I went to camp. It was for four weeks, and I actually stuck it out. I was going through some wild shit at the time. My mother had died about eight weeks before I was about to start. To me she wasn't really any type of mother for the past four years anyway, so what the fuck, why miss a chance of meeting some new ass, especially some rich white kid, 'cause yo, this is a city specialty camp where rich, or just white kids (I guess all white people can't be rich, right?) meet and work with us underprivileged minority types... I never was with a white kid yet, just white men.

So here I am, the first day. I got up two hours before the bus was going to come (I was staying at *la casa de mi abuela*). Showered, combed my hair, and put on my "always work" shorts, a pair of faded blue PS 213 gym shorts, no underwear, and my favorite "*Qué me pongan Salsa*" T-shirt, no socks, and Nike footwear... enough to drive a sane man to... Anyway, it was the boys I was after this time. I jerked off to the locker room orgies in my mind. Sixty boys, white, black, Spanish, Asian... asses everywhere, hard dicks shooting under the water... a finger in mi culo, and I pop, Pop.

I went outside to the *bodega* figuring I would kill some time before the bus arrived. I copped a Phillies Blunt and took out the tobacco so I could roll my herb with the leaf paper. Twisted a "Blunt" using buddah of course, and proceeded to smoke my breakfast. A perfect way to start a perfect day!

And perfect it was. The bus ride got me hard... it always does, it seems school busses don't have any shocks. The vibrations never fail to activate my missile. I sat in the back seat as usual, so I can check every ass as it turns to sit. After the last of us is picked up, I space out lookin out the window, and think to myself, "Is everyone this fuckin horny?"... then I rationalize, "At least I never jerked off in the bus and busted a nut like Steve Cruz did last year."

We pulled into the center and filed to the lunchroom upon arrival, shuffled to age and alphabet groups. Not bad... a counselor about twenty-five

and a group of twelve-year-olds whose last names were between the letters F and H. The rest of the day was spent introductory style.

The second day was the real start of activities. I made my first friend: Josh. (I never knew any Josh before, maybe it's similar to Jose... I don't know.) Josh was a Jewish kid, Mediterranean, with dark eyes and brushy dark hair who always wore glasses, tinted glasses. He loved rap music and I the same. He came in that day with a "box" kickin Eric B & Rakim. Immediate friends! Me, Josh and his friend John (both thirteen-year-old white boys, "*blanquitos*", from worlds I only dreamed of) became partners in crime. John was a little taller than Josh, Irish, with brown hair and green eyes, a real athletic type, into sports, thought he was cool. The three of us would sit to the side and describe each other's worlds, thrills, hobbies... lives in general... of course I had to lie big time in order to create a halfway decent past. Imagine if on the first day I said, "Yeah, guys, I don't go to school, I go to Playland and turn tricks for dollars..." To them, Trix is for kids, and dollars are no problem. I wanted to tell them in a bad way, but I guess I would wait till we know each other better...

By the second week I had them in shock when I told them I have fucked before, and could cum and my dick is growing and shit. By the third week I told them more about my mother and my family. I had these kids buggin. Sure I liked to dream I was them, and never went hungry or got fuckin beat down or been fucked by my uncles and their friends. And all the other shit too. But stories of endless presents and vacations bore the piss out of me. So, me being the horniest... I invented a little game. When we see each other, we have a tradition of a handshake. I taught them, 'cause it's a ghetto thing. I started changing this tradition like so: When we handshake *mano a mano*, I grab their hand and sort of mush it into my nuts. Their response is laughter, so they're with it. This becomes the new tradition. Although, they never do it back so I can feel their guevos. Shy I guess...

Camp to me has become more fun every day. Yet like all good things, an end is in sight. By now, my two friends know most of my life story, including reefer, and booze, but excluding sex with men and boys. I invite them for a Friday-Sunday sleepover and adventure in my Washington Heights apartment. For two suburban white boys to say "yes" to a weekend in Little Dominican Republic NYC, this should be interesting. Y'all know my motives. I spend more time listening to the voice of *mi guevo* than my brain.

I picked the weekend of the 20th, 'cause my abuela (grandma) is staying at my Uncle Carlos' house. She is taking three of my brothers and one sister, and is going to leave my brother Juan at home. He is ten and can mind himself. My other brothers and sisters are in assorted group, foster, or facility type homes. (Social services came both before and after my mother died to "help" out, all they seem to do is fuck up everyone's lives. I think they work as police people, too.)

Anyway, I met Josh and John at 72nd Street 'cause it is a familiar area to all three of us. I wouldn't think sending them to the Heights alone. They would definitely stick out, and probably get lost... and asking for directions in my neighborhood is asking for trouble... if you can even find an English-speaking resident. At three in the afternoon I'm cooking in my kitchen, preparing shit for my friends' arrival. *Pastillos, polio frito sin hueso, arroz con leche, rellenos de platanos*. Can't forget about chips, candy, reefer, and rum. Juan helping by peeling the *platanos*, and seasoning the chicken. He's cute, my brother, maybe shouldn't think so but I do. His father was white, so he got blond hair, real pretty, sandy color, with big brown eyes, a slim body and a nice plump ass. Usually he's a little troublemaker, but today he's being good and helping out.

Everything prepared and the house in order... off I go. When I got off the #1 train at 72nd, Josh and John were standing there looking lost, holding a backpack each. Big stupid, kool-aid smiles on both faces, like they just got off with a major heist. This I later found out was due to the scandal they pulled off. Josh told his mom he was staying with John for the weekend, and the other the reverse. To them, this was major. If they only knew what I had in store for them.

The train ride was quiet, but before I knew it we pulled into the 168th Street Station, and rode the elevator to the street. Outside, these guys were all eyes. It's another world where I live. All sounds, sights and smells foreign to them, but home to me. *Merengue, salsa* and garlic fill the air. We hit St. Nicholas Avenue and 172nd and turn right... everyone knows me, a million people fill the streets, these guys look real out of place. The only white faces on my block are from New Jersey, there to cop drugs, ya know? A lot of people are staring, but no one says shit! I see all my friends (the ones I sleep with know what time it is) — Alex, Junior, Jose Ca-Ca, Joey, Juan, Osiris. Rafael, the man who sells cooked meat on the corner, smiles at me and calls me over... in Spanish, says, "Luis, they look cute, do they play?" I tell him,

“Not yet, and not for rent.” Rafael sells his meat to people, then spends his meat money on my meat once a week. He likes to watch me undress real slow, then licks my butt until I’m mad hot, and my dick is dripping. He don’t let me play with myself. He wants me to cum in his mouth with two or three fingers up my... then he jerks off with his tongue an inch inside my *culo*... all this for fifty dollars... if only he knew that I probably would pay him the fifty dollars for the royal treatment.

To my building... located between Audobon and Amsterdam Avenues. I live in a five-story walk-up, made sometime around 1890. Yo, there’s even this old bitch who lived here since it was a new building, and likes to talk about how beautiful this block was when it was all Irish and Italian... fuck her! Sometimes we got no heat, and a lot of the time we got no water at all, or if we do, no hot water. New York, “big city of dreams”... yeah... fuckin nightmares. Thank god all is OK this week. Our apartment is in the basement across the hall from the block’s gambling casino... no rats inside the apartment like our last one, just behind the walls trying to break through. I’m used to it, but it freaks the cat out big time.

Anyway, I’m not embarrassed. My grandmother has it kind of hooked up. Indian style. She’s from the old country and speaks only about twelve English words, and only three of them aren’t curses. Only two bedrooms for all of us. I usually sleep on the couch... shit, in my mother’s house, I was on the floor, so I’m movin up.

My friends make themselves at home as soon as they spot Nintendo. I got thirty-seven games. I went and started rolling some blunts. They say they smoked pot before, but this weekend will be the ultimate test. After I prepared three blunts and made three rum and cokes, I went back to the *sala* (living room). Juan must’ve come home while I was rollin up. He was playing Pro Wrestling with Josh. They are all laughing together like they been friends forever.

I lit up my blunt and passed them one each. Drink *tambien*... off we go. Juan smoked with Josh. These two really hit it off. They’re sitting together on the love seat giggling like two little schoolgirls fingering each other. I can see Juan is hard, and I bet that Josh could see it too. Juan is just sitting there in cutoff gray Lee jeans with a straight line pointing to his stomach. He’s big for his age, about an inch smaller than me, but mine is fatter, and I can cum. He just gets a drop. Blasted... crazy mad fucked up. I’m on my third drink and second blunt. Everyone else stopped on their second drink. I don’t really play

Nintendo. I just buy it so I can offer a strange kid a reason why he should come to my house. So while these guys are playin I'm gettin stupid horny.

I turned off Nintendo and suggested we play cards. Everyone is real high about now, so I take advantage of the situation. Not that I'm not fucked up, but I do this every day... blunts and Bacardi, that is. Everyone in my family gets fucked up, except the babies. Shit, I started smokin weed when I was eight. I call the game. Poker. Better yet, strip poker. Everyone agrees. I got to keep givin Juan the evil eye, 'cause he always strips without losing a hand. This kid is crazy about sex, sex, sex... I guess it runs in the family! I can see he already opened his pants... at least today he got on underwear. Most of the time neither of us wears them. Where the fuck did he dig these up?

Joshua loses the first hand and removes his shirt. I follow, and have to take off my sneakers, 'cause yo, I only got on kicks, and gym shorts, and you know I don't got no underwear. Juan loses the next two, and is down to his underwear... dick pointing north. John is still "winning," although to me he is losing. Josh loses the next three hands, and is down to his underwear also. John still losing. Ya know, if you look at his shorts, you can see a serious hard-on. I lose with a pair of twos, and am naked as the day I was born. I'm sitting on the floor with my knees up and arms wrapped around my legs, and sort of leaning over them... only to hide my *guevo*. Everyone else still plays as I watch. I got up, walked to the kitchen, and mixed myself another drink... a stiff one for a stiff one, *tu sabes?* I went back to the *sala*, where card activities left me uninterested, so I put on channel twenty-three... sex channel. Even on the commercials, they show some pussy and bitches' asses and assholes. (Monday night is gay features and commercials.) I see John and Josh's attention pointing towards pussy more than cards. John is in his drawers, and Josh and Juan naked and passing a joint between the three. Fuck that joint shit, I'm a blunt boy... down with the 172nd Street blunt posse. Anyway, I got the lights turned down but you can still see everyone 'cause of the glow of the TV. I was the first. I just grabbed hold of my cock and started stroking it. I pictured Joshua's dick in my ass, and John fucking my throat for all it's worth. Both these kids got serious nice bodies, real smooth and pretty, no hair except little by their dicks, just the way I like it. With my eyes closed, I even forgot anyone was there. When I opened my eyes, Juan and Josh were laying stupid close, and John was jerking off on the couch, the next cushion down from me. His dick was about four and a half inches long, he was workin it good and hard. I don't know, I guess was the rum 'cause I just

kinda leaned over and moved John's hand, replacing it with my own. I grabbed and rubbed his dick and was blowing air on it when he reached out and grabbed my balls from the back. He busted a nut all over my face... a hot, nutty delicacy.

When he got up to pee, I couldn't believe my eyes. Josh y Juan were adding on the floor, and the sum was 69! Even though Juan is my little brother, just seeing ass up in the air, hairless, tan, and as round as they cum, builds up my cum! I stand over it and put my nose right against his hole. I start licking and sucking and licking... pushing my tongue home. I grab hold of myself and only stroke about ten times when I spill milk all over myself.

All four of us sitting around in a naked daze. In a sex stupor. Blunts and Bacardi fogging our brains, sweat and cum smearing our bodies, fresh ass and nuts filling the air. I lit another blunt on the solo tip, and proceeded to proceed. *Mi abuela tiene* a real big bed, king size, surely big enough for all of us to lay comfortably... drifting off to sleep...

At about six a.m., I wake up... only one up before me is my dick, not to mention John's, Juan's, and Josh's too. I went and started to cook us all a healthy breakfast. It's something that I rarely do, but it just seemed so natural. Eggs, toast, potatoes and leftover rice from last night, *jugo, cafe con leche*... we ate and watched Bugs Bunny naked on my grandma's bed.

After breakfast, Josh requested a shower, and I requested I'd join him. I started to wash his back and got lower and lower until I came to the top of his butt. Josh got a nice round butt like me. I started to soap him up real goodlike. We both got hard in a second. His dick was bigger than John's, about five inches, standin up horny and red. I slipped a finger into Josh's hole to see what he would say, and he didn't say a word. When I reached around and started to jerk him off, he just closed his eyes and let the water hit him. I angled *mi guevo* towards his hole, and nudged my head into him, shit, he scared the shit out of me. He turned around so fast, I slipped, and found myself laying in the tub on my back, boner in the air. Josh got upset that I chose to explore unexplored territory without proper permission from the queen.

I told him, "Josh, it don't hurt. I'll take my time. I've been fucked since I was eight, and it is a large part of my religion. At least I practice it religiously. Don't be scared." He said, "Luis, if you like it so much... let me!" NO PROBLEM DUDE! And in he went... all the way to his balls. It was his first fuck, boy or girl. I laid on my stomach in our old-time bathtub,

pushed my butt as high as I could, let him take full strokes. He didn't last too long, but it was definitely quality time. He reached under me and played with my dick as he gave it all he had. I could feel him throbbing inside me, so I counted down the blast-off... ten, nine, eight... My buddy returned the favor by letting me fuck his mouth, and fuck it I did. It didn't take long for me either, but I rammed him like a maniac. And when I busted inside his mouth, he didn't even spit it out... true friends.

It was nice with Josh, but not enough. Sometimes I just need a "manwich" to fill me up, *tu sabes?* That's usually why I go with men, aside from the money. Like I said, sometimes I just need someone to call the shots, someone to smother me, someone to go out of control over my body. After nuts were busted, I called Rafael, 'cause yo, this is one of those times. I was just dying to be filled up... sure I love boys, but I needed something bigger than five inches and fatter than my fingers and shit. Rafael got eight inches and a real fat one. And just to throw off his routine, I ran to his apartment across the street in Building 504 and stripped as I entered. I left a trail from the front door to the bedroom. Shirt, shorts, sneakers... I guess there ain't nothin else I wear in the summer. I laid on my stomach on his bed and he put his tongue up my ass. I said, "Rafael, one hundred dollars and you can fuck me right now!" I never let him put more than his fingers or tongue in there so in he went. I propped myself on some pillows and moved my butt in counter rhythm to his strokes, and moved my hips in circles for him. He lasted about fifteen minutes. I cummed madly as I felt his juice inside me... you wouldn't understand, it's a "manwich" thing. He paid me fifty dollars extra because the nuts he busted were none he felt before, and some he waited years to get. I went home with a hundred and fifty dollars and found a room full of crashed naked boys, an empty bottle of Ron Bermudez Dominican rum, and reefer clouds as far as the hallway.

Being I am who I am, I went out of control. I couldn't decide whose ass to lick first, so I went from butt to butt, probing with my tongue and jerking off at the same time. I could only raise a drop, and my dick was on fire, but sometimes I just can't stop, I can't get enough.

Later, when I woke up from an afternoon nap, I was greeted to my two white friends doing something that I never expected. Josh must've broke down, 'cause he was on his hands and knees and John was behind him humping and humping, both of them with their eyes closed and their teeth grinding. They didn't notice that I was awake, so I faked sleep and watched

them carry on. In minutes John's legs began to tremble and he collapsed on Josh's back. *AYE DIABLO!* A VIEW TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

The next two days went real well, with more of the same. Aside from walks to High Bridge Park (across the street) and a variety of Dominican restaurants, most of the time was spent busting nuts and getting fucked up. We have become the closest of close friends. They know me and I know them better than most people will ever know us throughout the rest of our lives. The thing is, *our worlds are so different*. I mean, ya know, they from these rich two-parent houses... two boys, one girl... John, Bill and Suzy. Ya know what I mean? I mean, I watched my father get shot in our living room when I was eight over drugs. And I watched my mother die a slow death ever since with heroin and crack. I got a total of thirteen kids in my family, most of them with no clue as to who's their father. I live with my old grandmother on a welfare budget... well, that's what I mean is *our worlds are so different*.

The weekend finally came to an end. My friends helped me clean up the house... wash the sheets, mop, and throw out the empty bottles. We had to burn cocomango incense to get the sex out of the air. Left with just memories to cling to. I never did hear from John, but Josh continued to write me for almost a year, then his family moved to Massapequa out on the Island, and he never wrote after. He mentioned that John had been getting into some trouble, shoplifting and junk like that. They were still best friends, still bustin nuts whenever they could. We always talked about hookin up, but never seemed to connect. It was like they was embarrassed to bring me to their houses and shit. Well, I'm not surprised. Ya know, being Spanish and poor... just prejudice I guess. Probably their fathers were suckin me off at Playland anyway. My life hasn't changed much except for the fact that *mi abuela* died some months ago. Juan is in DFY (Division for Youth). He got caught selling reefer and crack downtown. I moved with my uncle and his lover down to Harlem. It's OK, but I miss my block... it will always be my home. I find myself daydreaming about Joshua and John in between pulls on my blunts. I'll never forget them. And they sure will never forget me.

IT'S LIKE KISSING DEATH A LITTLE

My uncle Jose Luis told me that y'all were runnin' out of shit from me; I guess I been so wrapped up in my own confusion that I really haven't written much in the past few weeks. I've had some deep depression and tried to kill myself when I was in P a weeks back. I go through this shit alot. Sometimes its so hard (life that is). I also wanted to thank Chris, Roy and Bill, also little Chris and everyone else who was concerned. It's like I love so many people but me... I'm my own worst enemy sometimes. The first time I tried to kill myself was four years ago; I was 10 and the year was 1986. I broke night the night before (*miercoles*) and the day was a Thursday.

The night before I was turning tricks at my usual Manhattan location "Trickland." Me and my buddy Hannibal hadn't made more than 15 dollars each and I knew that if I went home with only 15 dollars, I would be the punching bag of the day like that fuckin' blow up clown you beat on! So me and Hannibal slept together hugging in a stolen car on 52nd and 11th Avenue. It was October and *frio taimbien*. The car was abandoned so we took advantage of the situation. He loved to play with my butt so yo, I let him play, and passed out.

We woke up about 6:30 a.m. By early afternoon we was trickin' lovely. I already made nice digits. However, my homeboy made only \$5.00 so I was treatin' him to games, food, reefer and sodas all day and now growing into night. I went with Malcom (a trick) in his car to the West Side so we could have some privacy. (He's too fucking cheap for a hotel.) Malcom is a black man, 37, who pays me \$15.00 to take my pants off and lean over the front seat with my *culo* in the air and open my legs so he can see my hole; he likes to look and sniff. He don't touch me except with his nose. At the same time he jerks off. He loves to bury his face into my ass. If he uses his tongue I charge \$25.00 and if he brings his Polaroid I charge him \$50.00 cause then he won't check me for a few weeks. So I hate cameras.

Anyway, here I was with my legs spread in his car, over the seat, a nose in my *culito* and five-o rolls up. Not blue boys, but DTs. They pulled Malcom from the car, and started beating him with their fists. I was pulling on my pants (no underwear cause my mother is a... you already know...) I opened

the other door and tried to jet, but one of the DTs tackled me from behind. Shit, now I'm only 5'2" so at 10 years old I was 4 foot something... Well, they called for blue boys who came and handcuffed me and asked me where I lived. Fuck, I told them cause I wouldn't mind if my mother gets busted. Instead, they just bring me home to the door; when my mother answers, they tell her they picked me up downtown, and to try to keep a better eye on me. Shit, like they really give a fuck...

When Yvonne and my uncle Shantee ask me where the money is, I tell them I ain't got shit but a few singles. "Bullshit," my mother screams with that look in her eyes that spells trouble. She says, "Luis, *tu maricon*, get your dirty ass over here." By now tears, silent ones, were running down my cheeks. Yvonne (mi mama) grabbed me by the hair and started searching my pockets, told me to take off my sneakers and clothes. I only had \$7.00. She slapped me open-handed, which sent me on my ass. Shantee picked me up and says "Where's the money, you fuckin' faggot dirt bag. *Dame, dame.*"

He punched me in the back of the head and sent all the kids to the room. Yvonne grabbed my wrists, digging her dirty fingernails into my flesh. I hate this fucking *puta*, and only wished I could make myself disappear. *Mi tio* was screaming, "You stay out all night and come home with only \$7.00. I bet you don't even charge them, *tu maricon*. I bet you let them all fuck you for free." So I say, "Fuck you." I guess it was not a good idea, cause he started to fuck me up for real.

Here I am naked as the day I was born. Shantee's slapping the snot from my face, blood from my lip and the piss from my dick. When my mother seen I pissed all hell broke loose. She pulled out the broom and started getting busy. When I picked up the lamp and threatened to throw it at her, she started screaming for me to go to the room. I went as fast as I could.

My brothers Delvan and Juan came running to me to see if I was OK. The others were too scared to move around. I tell them to please leave me be. They were crying with me. I don't know if it was cause they was scared or cause they felt sorry for me.

Being the oldest of 8 kids at the time was no easy job, as they could see.

In about half an hour Shantee came into the room. He came and sat down on the floor next to where I sleep and asked if I was O.K. I didn't answer. He started rubbing my back and shit. He started to rub my ass. He was saying, "Luis, I'm sorry. I love you," as he started to put the tip of his finger into my hole. I was just laying there crying; the rest of the kids were watching.

Shantee started to undo his belt and I knew he was getting ready to screw me, and that there was nothing I could do. I always hated Shantee; he started to fuck me less than a week after my father was killed.

Shantee climbed on and in me and proceeded to fuck me using spit for grease. He lasted long enough for me to start to daydream, and also to enjoy it, which made it worse. I really liked the way it felt to have someone lay on top of me. Almost smother me and fuck me mad. I guess it's like kissing death a little.

When he got up and saw I was hard, he started to laugh. I was going berserk, and I said I hate everyone in this fucking house, especially him; he laughed more. He said, "Looks like you like me, Luis..."

About two days later I was watching everyone while my mother went to the welfare center. I locked myself in the bathroom for some privacy and started to play with my dick and finger my ass. After a few minutes of fucking myself with my finger, I opened the medicine cabinet to look for something to replace my finger. I saw a medicine jar with a label reading "Caution."

"Shit," I thought to myself, "here's my ticket to freedom." I opened it up and counted out the contents. Twenty-three white things, Valium. Whatever the fuck that is don't matter. I was hooked on the caution label. I took 'em with some water and went out to watch the Flintstones. After what seemed only a few minutes, I started to feel fucked up and went to the front door. I was getting scared and having second thoughts. I was going to go down the hall to Manny's house but must have fell out, cause I woke up in Columbia Presbyterian Hospital with a fuckin' tube town my throat.

Anyway, that was the first time and last week was the second time. I did it on the 6th of August, the day they killed my father, only six years later. See sometimes it seems nothing is worth all the pain I feel. Someone so close to me who held my hand over the phone for months and months is being taken from me. He would listen to me cry, comfort me, make me feel like I was worth something. As a matter of fact, he is the one that started me writing ever since I wrote a letter to NAMBLA. His name is Chris and he's the editor. I love him so much, and from the first day that we spoke together on the phone, I told him that everyone or anything that I love gets taken from me. See, it's true, God wants this to happen. Chris and I would have been friends to the end plus more, but I care about him and love him, so of course he gets arrested, and will start a jail sentence soon. Chris makes me feel so

special, loved, wanted... so much, and he never slept with me. But now I can't deal with this shit along with everything else. I'm sorry if I let you down Chris. I'll be waiting for you. XXXXXXOOOOOOO

September 1990

I CAN ONLY TRUST ME

It was about this time of the year three years ago, when I used to live with a man named Richard. I was 11 years old. I had met him on a Saturday. It was raining, and I was having a hard time making any money. I started on 34th Street in Penn Station's "Space Station" video arcade. By about 3:00 I had already worked my way up to Playland on 48th Street, cruising three other arcades along my travels. Playland was more home than my own home was. (They closed it this year.) I was wearing white nylon Nike shorts and a white BVD tank top to match. Not to forget a pair of Nike kicks *tambien*.

At 11 I already could bust a nut. No underwear, a deep Spanish summer tan, and not a hair on my body, so what's the problem fellas? The arcades were empty. Oh, by the way, my name is Luis Miguelito, you gotta quarter?

I was only in the United States for 4 years. My mother already hooked on *manteca*, or as you would call it, heroin. My father was murdered when I was seven in our living room. Yvonne (my mother) had been sending me out of the house since I was eight to bring her home money. So four years later I was starving for any male attention and affection.

Anyway I was with Angel and Rico (both 13) cause they always be turning tricks in Playland, which we re-named Trickland. As the day went, I was playing Super Mario Brothers and I felt a warm breath on my neck which had an immediate effect on my dick. I looked at his reflection in the game after Mario died. He looked dope about 25 years old, an earring, Latino looking. He patted me on the back just above my ass and asked if I was going to play again. I said I wish *pero yo no tengo no dineio, tu sabe?* He slid me four quarters and suggested "we" play another game. He walked me to the pinball machine section (it seems that's all these guys play) put four quarters in for me, and my posse Angel y Rico. It was "Cyclone" and I rocked it to the maximum, as always.

After 20 balls, four Newports, and hand all over my back and shoulders, he finally asked if I was hungry. I knew what time it was now. He took me to Popeye's, my choice. I always bug out there on the spicy chicken rack, cause the "y" is missing and it reads "spic." Well, being a spic that loves and is a spicy chicken I ordered a three-piece with rice and a biscuit.

As I feasted, Richard interrogated, and I negotiated. I told him I do anything for the right amount — suck, fuck, get sucked, get fucked, but only receive in the rim department. He looked shocked when I started to feel him up under the table. He pushed my hand away. We ate and Richie asked if I wanted to go to his house. I don't make a habit of going to houses, but this guy is a knockout and he's loaded. (I saw a knot fatter than I could squeeze.)

We jumped on an A train and went to 181st street station.

He got a ground level, street entrance apartment on the corner of 183rd and Fort Washington. Dope decorations and a giant waterbed. He put on a cassette of Eddie Santiago. Shit, he's my favorite Salsero. This guy is DOPE. As Lluvia played on the stereo, I did a stripping rain dance to prepare for the shower. (*Lluvia* means rain in Spanish.) I was getting hard, cause I could feel him groping me with his eyes. I ran to the bathroom, took a quick shower, and returned to the bedroom. Richard, unlike most tricks, spent more time hugging and kissing me than fucking me. He asked if I wanted to stay the night. Shit, I had nowhere to go. *Mi madre*, seven brothers, and two sisters live in a welfare hotel on 32nd Street and Sixth Avenue, the Martinique. I was glad to spend the night, the week or the year.

As the days flew by, me and Richard explored each other to the fullest. Outdoors he would introduce me as his nephew. Indoors we were on a constant *luna de miel* (honeymoon). Hewould suck, kiss, and lick me for as long as I wanted. Even long after he busted a nut on or in me. We were mad crazy wild lovers. Best friends, brothers, father-son. We were each other. He became my me. Every day he would treat me more special than the day before. After work, he would bring me toys or different surprises. Ya know, kid shit. I never owned anything more than some bullshit, piece of junk, worthless, meaningless *regalo* (present) given as compensation for no love or physical abuse.

I haven't turned a trick for 4 months... or been home for that matter, but who cares? To me Richie is my life. I loved him more than any papermate could ever express. He seemed equally in love. But as usual it turned to prove bullshit, like life itself.

It was a Monday, and Richie made his usual errand list. Shopping, video store, cleaners... but by the time I walked from Fort Washington to Amsterdam Avenue — 10 minutes — I realized I forget the money. All the way back. I opened the door quietly cause I wanted to scare him being he

wasn't expecting me so soon. Shit, he sure wasn't expecting me, cause in "our" bed was Juan Carlos one of my cousins from 172nd and Wadsworth.

I fuckin died. I ran for the door, but Richie blocked it. Then I ran to the kitchen. I was in a frenzy, my whole life crushed. I screamed and cried myself unconscious. I woke up with Richie standing over me. I couldn't look at him. He made me want to die. I felt sick and started to feel like I would vomit. I ran to the bathroom floor and wanted nothing more than to die. I fantasized about drowning myself in the toilet. Richard knew enough to let me be alone. There was nothing he could do or say that would make me forgive him. I was HIS boy. He was MY man. But for some reason I was not enough, he needed more. I gave him everything. I gave up my friends, my family, my lifestyle — everything to be his boy. Why did he need someone else? Why was I not good enough? Why my-cousin? I left that night wandering aimlessly. I walked to my mother's sister's house on 131st y Amsterdam and cried for all 53 blocks. I didn't care if a car hit me or if a building fell on me — all the better. I felt as if I had nothing to live for. I slept on my aunt's stoop, cause her building was locked, and I wasn't about to ring the bell at 3:00 am in the morning. I went back downtown to the Hotel. Back to my slut junky mother and her welfare castle of 10 kids and her string of boyfriends who would feel me up all night, not allowing me to sleep. I'm sure she got paid off that, too. Especially when I would wake up with a dick in me and my mother in the room.

But that's neither here nor there. What I did realize at this time is that the only one I could trust is me.

January-February 1991

THE RESULTS

Dear Friends,

I know that many of you a probably wondering... WHAT THE FUCK? Where the fuck is Luis and his writing? So this is kinda like an open letter type thing. Even though I'm gonna tell another adventure...

See, it's like this. I have been wrapped up in all kinds of personal type things. First off, I recently tested HIV+. I know all about safety and practice safe sex, but I didn't know from the time I was born until like two years ago. I know half of you thought of course and probably assumed it anyway, and then there's the some of you who I told this to last summer when I got tested and never went to find out the results cause I was too scared.

But anyway, I don't really know that much about it yet but have been spending dumb time in the CUNY [City University of New York] Library finding out what I can. I'm kinda scared for the first time in my life but at the same time I'm like fuck it, my life pretty much sucks anyway. But there are some people who I love more than I could ever describe on my typewriter! Word up! Stupid dumb strong love for my lover, you know who you are! And for my papa! Kevin and Chris who without I not be writing and would never met Kevin Esser! Also what's left of my family, brothers, sisters, and the rest of the mess... I'm gonna just chill for a while and work on a book about my life and try to get it published, so I'm not sure if I'm gonna have stuff in every *Bulletin*. We'll have to see.

I haven't been fuckin around that much with drugs, except for herb, which I looooooovvvvveeeeeee. Sometimes I'll do some acid or sniff dope if I'm in staying at one of my friends' places downtown, but shit is in control.

Thanks for sending letters. Commenting about my stories and comparing your lives and shit like that I think is cool!

I'm not too sure about medicine for HIV. I know that treatments are fairly expensive and I ain't got no medicaid or nothin so that is that. I'll just have to wait and see. You see I'm buggin out right? Cause I keep comin back to this AIDS topic. Oh well. It's kinda fucked up I guess, but yo, with the shit I've been through and seen, forget it — I'm lucky to be alive. Last summer I got slashed with an xacto blade, been shot in the side, passed around, forget it.

That's why I'm doing this book. Watch. You know that I got a story in the *Fifth Acolyte Reader*. Check it out! Word! Anyway, if anyone got any ideas or suggestions send them to the *Bulletin* cause I like that stuff.

I don't be workin the streets no more, obviously. I just be with friends my age most of the time except when I need dollars. Then I go to an appointment or call a homeboy in W. or A. and work a party. That shit is dope. 2 Saturdays ago I do one in A. It was for a bachelor party. I made out alright cash-wise, too. Here's how it works, cause Kevin forever be askin me about this shit so here goes, Uncle Kev!

After I agree and make arrangements for the day and time and shit, I get a small cash advance for a new pair of sneakers, pants, shirt, haircut. I take care of what needs to be done and troop to the station for a train to the suburbs. Of course believe me to my word that with all this planned and a train to catch, it is impossible for me to be in the station and not stop at the arcade. Don't laugh Kevin, cause you know! I cruise it and check out who's working. There've been several times I want you to know when I spot a hottie or a cutie and cancel my appointments for the day to do a little naked romp in my bed. Even though I'm 14 I love my boys 11-12. Shit look at me, I got stupid sidetracked.

I'm sitting here D*U*R*O* (hard) thinking of some episodes, but yo! Wait for the book! Anyway, I did this that day, played a game, caught a rap with a little Puerto Rican with green eyes named Kiko. We kicked a blunt and talked, exchanged beeper numbers and broke. I had a train to catch. Next time Kiko!

Later, *mas tarde!* I love to ride train blasted especially with all new clothes on. I ride massaging my dick through my Levis and imagine that I am a rich suburban fuck, too! Kick my Walkman so loud that everyone in my section can hear me pumpin Merengue or Public Enemy, depending on the buzz.

In no time I exit and a limo is waiting for me. I'll tell ya, the Mafia has got their shit in order! Anyway, in the limo I drink a cold Heineken and play a quick game of "double dribble" on the Ninetendo and we pull up to the house. It is a house turned private club. A 2-level shit with stupid rooms upstairs, and downstairs is a club with three seperate rooms. I been there to look at it last year and they had women so I guess the place is versatile. I only had about 20 or 25 minutes to get ready before I had to start work.

Work includes a live strip show and then mingling after. Sometimes it is not solo. Tonight I had two. One solo and one late night duo with a kid named Robert. I prepare myself with a few rum and cokes and some weed. I always bring my own tapes to dance to cause they got this wack corny shit. I start with *salsa*, get into house, rap and back to *salsa* to finish. By that time #)@\$# men are either jerking off or drooling or already came! I do a slow seductive strip tease, and then go nuts once my clothes are off. I play with my dick and get hard in a second. Then I start showing off my body at different angles and shit, and then I lay on my back and break out the baby oil. I grease myself up from my neck to my feet. I go around close to the edge and let these guys feel on me a little. Sometime I let them stroke my dick or finger me but usually just gropes on my cheeks, legs and stomach. Then I break out a small dildo and fuck myself a little for them and then I jerk off slow and long for them and bust a nut over the edge on someone. That's it. I go upstairs, shower, get dressed and come down to make some cash.

The second show of the night was bugged cause I haven't done a duo for a while. Robert said he was 14 but looked younger than me, and I look young for my age. We did a strip act together and the got down to some dopeness *duro duro!*

Both of us were wrestling naked on the floor squirting baby oil on each other, just buggin out cause it was late, like 10:30 and I was high drunk and tired. So I see this little elf kid and say Hmmmmn, dinner! He got white skin and my shit honey color. He got about 5" or 4" and I'm up to 6" or better. He got the ass I wanted to know better, and nice balls, too. Green eyes or blue I can't tell, long brown hair and lips locking on my dick! He started sucking so I the same. I guess he was studying me like me him. We were 69ing and then I switched up cause we can't stay that way for too long or they don't call me for no more shows.

I got behind him doggy style and he whispered, don't put it in. Well, I couldn't hear him too well, and I spit in my palm and inched into him. He tried to pull away but I grabbed onto his hips and he gave in and pushed back onto me. We kept switching positions, but lasted about 40 or 30 minutes before I pulled out and busted on his stomach. He just layed there with our scum mixed on his stomach with that dazed look that says lights on, nobody's home. I guess nobody ever did it the right way to him before. We went back upstairs and showered together like we live together and I got his number and

we agreed on sometime repeating it in his house when his mother goes to Hawaii. Hellllls yah! I'm there.

I left the room and went down for a quick BJ so I could make some more cash before I call it quits. A man named J. blew my dick and ass and drove me to my neighborhood so I could be home by 2:00 or there will be a fight with my lover. Anyway that's it for me, I'm outttta here, I'mmm offff.

Love,

L. Miguelito

June 1991

SOON TO BE FIFTEEN

Although I'm soon to be 15, I have vivid flashes of boys my age and younger dripping sap of life onto every part of my body.

I'm naked in a field, maybe it's Central Park... I don't know...

But all colors and sizes surround me.

Movements of fury as climax approaches.

I'm reaching out, trying to grab and feel what I can.

Fill me!

My mouth!

I like to rub my lips over the crown and tickle the ridge with my lips.

Spit in your hand and rub it into my *culo*.

Are you black or Spanish? cause yo, *that shit is big!*

Just push it fast and as deep cause if you know how to fuck me you will move your hips in a circle for me, otherwise I'll have to!

When I feel you squirting in me I cum too. Whether it's in my mouth and you are swimming on my tongue, or you are flooding me with your douche!

I love you for loving me.

I'm as lonely as a person can be, yet your warmth and affection alone makes me rock hard *duro* as soon as you put your arm around my neck.

Or your fingers interlock with mine. You push my hair back cau it's long on top and you gently finger my lips.

You search my soul only to find teardrops.

And I'm shaking inside.

I'm alone in my heart even with eight or nine in my butt, six or seven in my mouth and one in each hand.

So many times I like a big strong man to fuck me while I lay on my stomach cause like I told Chris, it's like kissing death.

I dream I died when my father was murdered.

Part of me did, and the other part is doing time in a pen called hell and you call New York.

I dream of a white boy, a Spanish boy, a black boy and an Asian naked. On my hands and knees while I take my time with each.

To me the perfect age is 12, or 11 or 10, or 9 or ate! Maybe it's attributed to the fact that I was ate before I was 7. I don't know.

Anyway, I'm taking my time feeling the curves of his cheeks, his legs, his back, and grabbing his *bolsa y guevo* as I feel myself up at the same time.

I sniff and lick each boy imagining each is really me. They sit in a circle and somehow all of them are busting in my mouth at the exact same moment and I am squirting into the air.

It's the boys I love best. I know why you men fiend for it cause yo,
I dooooooooooooo tooooooooooooo!

A squirt in the mouth is worth three up my ass.

My lover's balls smell like Clorox — he's one-and-a-half years younger than me.

And his milk is mixed with honey and sugar.

He is food for the stars

We are each other.

We make love and cum at the same moment and lay in a wet stupor holding each other for the next 10 or 20 minutes.

We make love and we make love and they say *I don't know what I'm doing! Huh?*

On a summer night me and Miguel go to the park by the Cloisters.

Holding hands the whole way.

Kissing at dusk cause we are two loners.

Two lone tigers somehow surviving in this concrete jungle.

We catch each other's eyes, cause we caught each others vibes and we chase each other's tongues and I whisper "I love you honey, I love you so, so much."

"I love you too Luis, please don't hurt me no more, please stay with me all day." Even though we have lived together for eight, nine months he knows that when I leave the house to turn tricks or sell on the block, that I got a slew of friends who I sex it up with including three of my little brothers, nine, eight, seven...

We lock fingers. We're walking by Ft. Tryon and I decide it's time to put down the blanket on the hill, by Cabrini High. Both of us in gym shorts and tank tops.

Y-Ya! That's it, no socks or underwear cause he knows as well as I that sex under the stars is our twilight intentions. I open the philly and start to shred the bud. I say shred cause we only smoke the best!

I got some buds of indica mailed to me from a trick that lives in northern California. He spends Christmas in midtown where I'm his present to himself since I was nine so that's five years... I N D I C A.

You can't crush these unless you let them dry out. *FRESCA!* It smells of pine trees and tastes like fruit loops. I hold in the first pull and pass to my lover. He pulls on the blunt and presses his lips to mine as he exhales into my open mouth.

B L A S T E D! By the time we get half way through we are blitzed and *duro!* We slip off our shorts and he pivots around so he can take me into his mouth *y yo tambien*. He pulls the head so it's just between my lips as he sprays his love on my tongue. He flips around and we chase tongues mixing our cum together.

We stare at the stars trying to catch one shooting and smoke the rest of the blunt. Each moment lasting a lifetime.

However, when we wake up in the morning...

Naked with his cheek pressed to mine. Legs wrapped around each other we open our eyes and kiss each other. But someone got to get up cause we need clothes food and shelter...

So it's off to sell my only commodity to other lonely, horny souls!

REVOLVING DOORS

Last summer I was on a mission to Montauk. That's the end of Long Island. All beaches. There's this rich trick I know from Manhattan who got this huge fuckin house on stilts. Right on the beach. It's like natural wood and glass everywhere. He's this paid lawyer whose name is Stephen spelled with no Vs. Y'all got these names that fuck me up, I swear. I knew Stephen for like two years. Every summer he sends his wife to France then calls me so we can do honeymoon. He calls me his summer wife.

So it's about that time, so here I am on the Long Island Railroad... eastbound. BVD nylon tank and shorts. *Sin Pantaloncillos* (no underwear)... some things never change. The ride is like two hours and the gear I wear makes me feel stupid sexy. I usually venture off to the lav for a steamy solo jerk-off session.

It's 10:14 and we're off. The train is virtually empty except for a few scattered people in the few open cars. I got both knees on the seat kneeling so I can get the full view out the window. Long Island Railroad is an above-the-ground scenic ride. I'm just like lookin out and clockin nature when I feel my ass burn up. None other than a heated stare. So I kinda pump it up and out to fill it up. With BVD nylons, I might as well be naked... I guess not, 'cause to my view it's sexier to leave a speck to the imagination.

I turn around slow and catch this dude in his early 20s clockin my buns. I'd just plain caught him starin. I smile. I give him this kinky, sexy smile as I turn to sit down... pretend like I start to nod off and put one foot up on the seat. I part my legs and give him a million-dollar view of my jewels, including my buried treasure. My dick starts to swell as my mind travels. It's pulsing with my heart. It's heavy, not hard and not soft. I open my legs more and adjust myself to let my dick snake down my thigh. I open my eyes fully and wink when he raises his eyes from my lap. He gets up and sits in the seat directly across from me. I slip off my Nike and put my naked foot between his open legs and kinda tickle around his dick. I can actually tell how big he is with my talented toes. Maybe five or five-and-a-half but not much more. His first words: "Go to the bathroom at the end of the car and don't lock the door." I jump. Mind you, we haven't even exchanged names.

He comes into the bathroom not a minute after me. This shit is cramped. A toilet, some small standing space, and a sink directly across from the toilet. I plop up on the sink and take my shorts completely off. He wastes no time and starts going down on me. He is kinda handsome. Like, five foot ten, brown hair. Short on top and long in the back. Hey, is that the makings of a bald spot I see? He's got a hanging earring which is dancing away as he is bringing me as deep into his mouth as possible. His stubble is tickling the area above my dick. He is kneading and fingering my butt with one hand and jerking himself off with the other. New people get me mad horny, so I bust a powerful nut in like five minutes. When I come back to the galaxy I ask him if he wants me to do the same. He wants my butt. "Fuck it, go ahead and fuck it, I don't care, I can handle nine or more so it ain't nothing." I get off the sink and lean over it. I put my chest where my ass was. He tongues my hole for a few minutes, the whole time flooding it with saliva. It was kinda opened anyway, 'cause me and my lover at home fucked like three times the day and night before.

He is panting everywhere. Angled for home, grabs my shoulders and rides me like a jockey. He buries his face in the back of my head and is licking and biting my neck.

I got one of those dicks that leaks everywhere when I'm horny, and especially when I'm gettin screwed. I slime up the whole fake wood cabinet under the sink. I can feel his dick starting to expand and throb inside of me. I'm the launching pad and I'm counting down blast-off. I feel him shooting rockets inside of me and I blast again. He pulls out with a pop and sits back on the toilet overlooking his most recent conquest.

I wipe up and go back to my seat. He comes out in a few minutes and sits next to me. We start talking now that we have let off our steam. He is also Montauk bound. A weekend employee at Gurney's Inn. A waiter, to be exact. His name is Jeff and he's 23 years old. I tell him I'm going to my uncle's, and he asks if it's at all possible that we hook up either in Montauk or the city. I tell him where I hang out and the best times to find me there, and about my beeper so he can get hold of me in the city. He says if I want to come to Gurneys I can for freebies.

Stephen is waiting for me in his Mercedes 560 SEC convertible. I jump in and he kisses me hello. I wave to Jeff, and Stephen is like, "Luis, Luis, Luis, even on the train, you little devil!" I just smile and kiss him back.

He's massaging my thigh the whole drive home. First thing I want is a shower, and he takes it as an open invitation. I am with it, but it's like, "I can't bust a nut till tonight, Steph. If you want head or ass, *no problemo...*"

Stephen as usual goes out and buys me stupid clothes, so when we go out together it's like no problems, no questions asked. He is Jewish — real dark, Mediterranean type. We could pass for family, because I'm not too dark—this nigga got class. He be buying me Guess jeans and Vans and shit. Also he's got two jet skis, so the next few weeks I'm on fantasy island.

Me and Stephen spend the first few days real romantic type. Barely going out of the house. Just catching up on lost time. Fresh from the city. I get up daily with the sun and catch a dawn skinny dip in the Atlantic. I yell a bit in the cold, but it makes me feel wonderful. I'm the perfect wife. I get breakfast of fresh fruit, toasted bagels, eggs, ham, and pancakes ready by the time Stephen steps from the shower. We drink a lot and smoke continuously, but it don't phase me. I be gettin up as fresh as the air, and he be emerging all fuckin groggy, slow and cranky. He usually don't talk for the first 15 or 20 minutes. We're opposites in that respect. Probably all respects except sex.

He asks me if I want to do anything special while I'm out here, and I'm like, "How about you take me for a weekend at Gurney's Inn?" We pack and are off. He doesn't even question my intentions. He's got no idea about Jeff. He probably forgot about him the moment we pulled away from the train station. Luis, Luis, Luis...

We get our room and unpack. I request a trip to the main building for cokes and snacks. Seems innocent enough. I hunt the dining area for Jeff and spot him coming out of the kitchen. He looks my way and almost drops a drink tray on the floor. He rushes it to the table and comes to me real quick. "Luis, what's up? I been thinkin about you all the whole week." He's buggin me out about how he's strung out on me and shit. He rushes and asks for a break, and we break. I can't bring him to the room 'cause Stephen would flip. Needless to say, he does flip when I come back 45 minutes later with no snacks, no soda, no fuckin sense.

Stephen doesn't even want an excuse. I'd never seen him get this mad at me in my life. Word. I guess no matter what the truth is and what men know, it's like when you're with them, they like to think of you as "their" boy. Despite everything. Well, as my personality goes, I turn off and I turn on. I change with the quickness. If someone snaps on me, that's it... brick wall. I got this force-field shit to screen out any annoying situations. It never lets me

down, and it's about the only thing. I just stare and get demolished. My teeth and cheeks get numb and everyone sounds like the teachers and parents on Charley Brown.

Wahwah Wahwahwah, hmmmwahwahwah — you get the picture, don't you? Stephen isn't havin' it. He says, "You want to stay in the street. You want to be shit. You don't care about nothing. No one. Only yourself. Not even yourself!" Blah, blah, whip, whip. He is beating me down with his mouth. I guess he probably feels like pounding me, but figures I would run to the cops or something. He is beatin me. I'm standin there staring at the wall with silent tears of my nothingness falling down my cheeks.

Stephen puts me on the first train in the morning. Cold as ice. He doesn't even look me in the eye. Just leaves me how I came. Plus \$100 in my shoe to make me feel the street more. On my foot and in my heart. I never hear from Stephen again. Better to leave things as they are. I lose my beeper like a month later so I never hear from Jeff either. I'm sure he's cruised the arcades, but if so, we've missed too, like people going different ways in a revolving door.

STOP JERKING OFF IN THE WIND

Dear NAMBLA Friends,

Luis Miguelito on location. First off I would like to let everyone know that the reason they haven't seen my shit in the newsletter for the past few months is not because I'm too sick to write. Actually I'm doin all right, except for a lot of numbness in my hands and fingers and some other personal type shit. It's also not because I got nothing to say and shit, cause I been stupid active — mad tales to tell.

The reason is that I just don't feel right about it. I really think Bill the editor is a dick. Yo, I wrote him like two times and he never seems to write back. I wanted to tell him how much I liked the pictures that Chuck Dodson sent to me — I got them hangin up, and I sent him a story to send to *Journal 9*, but he held it and told my uncle that it's for the *Bulletin*.

What a dick. Since he took over, the *Bulletin* sucks. It's so dry I wouldn't wipe my ass with it. If it wasn't for Renato and his art direction, I think that there wouldn't be any reason even to look at it. Chris Farrell did a dope job as editor and the main reason is because his heart was in it and he took time for people. Being Bill is young, I figured NAMBLA would have more flavor. I can't wait for a mutiny or for someone to take his place. If I knew more about that shit, me and my friends could do it. I try to show the *Bulletin* to some of my friends but they ain't havin it. Boring!!! It needs even better pictures, more fiction, and it should have a lot of true experience shit and leave the politics alone. Fuck politics and that bullshit. Yo, be real — everyone skips that shit and looks for one of my stories or someone else's to jerk off to. The shit is for 90-year-old mutants. A publication dedicated to boys should be just that.

I also think NAMBLA should put out a picture book at least once a year. Not porn, just beautiful boys from around the world and shit. Switch! Give the amount of space dedicated to the shit everyone skips to true stories, letters, photos, and fiction and make the politics the little section.

All you frustrated mother-fuckers get up and do something about it. Stop jerking off in the wind! Yo, every boy I came across in my 15 years either has had sex with a man or wants to, either for a money boost, or just to be

held and loved by a man. Yo! It's not just the arcade and tricks. Find a boy right under your face, maybe in your building. Instead of peeking from behind your glasses, just say hello and watch what happens. This is the '90s. By the time a kid is 7, he knows about sucking dick or fucking ass and shit. In Manhattan anyway. My little brother is 6 going on 7 and when he came over and we slept together for the first time in 3 years, he sucked me off better than most of the guys who give me a 20 or 50 for the deed. That is on his own, just from playin with his friends and shit. I know, you be like, 6, you fuckin ass Luis, or whatever. Say what you want, but he is 6 and knows what makes him hard and what don't. He can tell me, Luis, I love to suck, or whatever. He is his own person. A little man. I know that when I was little, I was raped and shit, but I was gay before that. True, I never went with men and shit, but me and all the kids in my area were jerkin each other or fuckin/suckin since we were 6 and shit. Our moms would let us run and do what we want and as soon as we got to the basements or the roofs it was pants down. Kids are people who can make decisions and choices when it comes to sex. After my uncle started rapin me and shit, I realized that my ass could make other men hard too, and if I couldn't get love or ducats at home, I could sit on any willing lap and move around a little and feel a boner pressing in record time... rack up the dollar bills. Men would be rushin to get me alone and get their hands in the back of my shorts while I jerk them off or whatever the flavor is.

If you notice, you don't get no more stories from Hakim or Kevin Esser. They feel like me. Dry! Chris Farrell did a dope job puttin together the *Bulletin*.

Yo! Everyone likes to criticize my lifestyle or what I'm doing or whatever, and no one does shit to help but Kev and Hakim. I bet most of you don't even know, I've got one story in the *5th Acolyte Reader* and two stories in the *6th Acolyte Reader*. Also in the *5th*, Kevin's got a story about me in Illinois. The *Bulletin* editor does nothing to let his readers know this shit. Bill, from me to you, give it up! You can't handle the job and you got no artistic touch. You are a dried up old man in a young man's body. Bend over and I'll loosen you up!

Please print this and don't edit anything. I would like any men or boys who read this to comment and send letters to the New York address. I would like to appear in every issue, but I will not deal with Biff, I mean Bill.

May 1992

JANUARY NINETEEN NINETY SOMETHIN

Damn, only two weeks left and they gonna close Playland... Playlands I should say cause the death of one will bring the death of the next. Only 4 blocks of Broadway separating the two. Yet on a Saturday afternoon hustlas hustle, it's a walk along the WILD SIDE.

I had just come out of a theater, a twenty spot folded to a little square and placed in my sneaker next ta the otha two, and a lil spot a some dried cum kinda attatchin my dick to my boxers in a most annoying way. I see this kid walkin into the Playland which separates Broadway from 7th Ave. A walk thru. Kinda like a drive thru chicken spot. Anyway I see this kid who looked about my age, wearin these white jeans hung low below his ass, a shirt tucked in to cover his ass, and a Jansport backpack carryin his overdue library books. I dipped in cause it was mandatory, check out the comp, and check out the cuties in all the arcades in Times Square. Kid also looked Dominican, real light skinned, a real pretty face; he had what I needed. After three scores with some old men, I wanted someone I could lay next to after the fact, and smoke a "L". Put on some Rakim, and flash razas togetha. And, if he's new, which he was, I godda make sure I'm the one ta break him in.

At just about 13, I was sportin a Caesar cut, gangsta part, baggy jeans, two earrings, and 6 fat inches. Every momma's nightmare. Every kids' envy. Every outta town guy's wet dream. A veteran of the world of crime and corruption. Pissin on ya car with a "like I give a fuck" attitude. The kid looks at me, I look at him, the guy feedin him quarters looks at botha us, I flick my eyes toward the door and we-out.

I follow him up 47th street toward 11th Ave when he dips into a vestibule. I follow. Kid turns and flashes me a wicked smile and asks, "So, you wanna come up?"

"Yeah" I kinda mumble to him kinda inna half shock and we high tail it up to the 2nd floor where he fits his key into a door marked 2B. Turns the knob and opens up his life to me! "Yo, my names Kiko, you?"

"Yo B, Miguelito soyyo." He added a "wanna drink" and I slip in a "fuck yeah, watcha got?" Kid hand me a lil square juicy shit wid the straw attached to the side. Some Brady Bunch Mista Rogers type shit. Fuggit I'm mad

thirsty, so I suck tha life outta this lil box and drop a “Its cool?” as I flick a Newport between my lips.

“Yeah, nobody gets home till 6, 6:15.”

It’s all I needed to hear. This was my green light. “Yo, watcha was doin in Playland, you workin?”

“Nah ‘B,’ I was just playin some games an shit.”

I was like, “Yeah, but Felix was givin you quarters, how you know him?”

He was like, “ I neva seen him before, he was just breathin down my back and slidin me some coins.”

So I dropped tha bomb, “Yo, he sucked my dick like 20 times but I neva let im fuck me, niggas nasty!” Kiko turned and smiled and didn’t say shit. I asked him if he wanted to puff a blunt, and he was wid it, but we hadda troop to the roof. I was like fuck da stairs money, meet me on the fire escape.

He was right behind me. We puffed the “L” and climbed back in. As soon as we got in, he flicked on the Nintendo. We was playin for like 10 minutes when I decided to test the waters. I put down the joystick and just reached over and started feelin on his ass. He just kept on like nothin was goin on. So now I got my hand beneath the elastic and am feelin on his skin. I slid myself and my hand around to see what he gots in front and he drops his controller. He just threw back his head a little and let me feel him up. Look, I’m sorry, but it ain’t no fun if I don’t get none, so I took his hand and put it on my dick which was already out. He wrapped his hand around me and did what I was doing to him...

Kid got like 4 or 5 inches on him and I pivot my body around and swing on top as I take him in my mouth. Like three seconds later as I’m pushing my dick between his lips, he squirts a few squirts past my lips, and just lays there with his eyes closed.

Being the seasoned chicken I am, I flipped around and faced him as I fucked his mouth like there’s no tomorrow, I pushed my nuts up against his chin and cummed a painful nutfull down his throat! LESSON 1, COMPLETE!

Now he just layin there with his arm across his face, so I break the ice. “Where you lay down here? You got a room?”

He popped up like a spring and was like, “Shit yeah, my room’s over there, down the hall.” So we trooped it to his room. A twin bed, a dresser and a little rug. Not much, but not too bad either, being if I was at my apartment, I share my room with like 6 other kids. We both kinda sat on the bed as he

flicked his little TV. I started to doze off as I felt a hand rest lightly on my open fly. I just laid there as he little by little got up the courage to touch me and take me out of my jeans. I had to respond when I felt his mouth close around the head. The hot breath and tongue had me as hard as I've ever been. We just lay on our sides in a sideways 69 as I decided it was time for plan or rather Lesson #2.

“Lets get naked, OK?” My suggestion.

“Ya sure?” His response.

“Hell yeah, let's go all out!” As I peeled back my pants and stepped out of them, Kiko looked around nervously, pulled down the shade and pulled back the covers of his bed. I was completely naked and layin across the bed sideways, when he turned away and stripped. It seemed fuckin plain dumb! How's he gonna turn around when we been chewin on each other's flesh for like an hour already but I didn't say shit cause it gave me the perfect view of my wish cum true.

He got under the sheets with me and I planted a kiss on his lips, pushing my tongue between his teeth. He didn't protest. We chased each other's tongues as I reached beneath his balls and found what I hoped he'd let me fuck. I scooted down and took him into my mouth. I then started to just eat him up. WORD! I licked at his balls and started opening his legs and licked around — gettin closer to his butt. I saw no reaction, so I rolled him over and really ate my favorite meal. Warm Brown Buns. Like seven or 10 minutes of my tongue swishin around inside him I climbed on top and guided my dick to his butt. He just covered his head as I slid first my head, and then slowly the rest of my dick, until my balls was restin up on the bottom of his ass... then stroked... Yo, word is born, I must've put this nigga in every position I knew as I fucked him for at least a half an hour... cummin as deep as I could. We both got up and almost bounced off each other on the race to the bathroom. He sat down and I washed my dick in the sink.

By the time he got back to the room, I was dressed and writing my beeper number on a piece of paper. Yo, call me in the morning and we hook up, but yo, I got a trick who gets offa work about now and if I'm not in the arcade by the time he gets there, he'll go with either Angel or Rico. And I bounced. PEACE. LESSON 2 COMPLETE!

I was almost skippin back to the arcade when I spotted Johnny, the construction worker who used to always take me to dinner, buy me some toys

or clothes then bring me back to his apartment in Queens for the night. We was on the 7 train in less then five minutes, headin to Flushing.

Johnny was chill. I mean for a white guy, he was all right. Nothin to write a letter to D.R. about, but he had a nice house, nice car, and never forced me into shit. Basically I was mad tired, so I fell asleep as he was doin my head. Morning came in a snap.

I woke up before Johnny, helped myself to some Frosted Flakes, and a 20 spot from his wallet, and jumped back on the 7 train to head back to my apartment so I could change my clothes before I went turning tricks. I caught the #1 train at 168th and headed down to Times Square. It was a little after 12, and a beautiful spring Sunday morning. At 116th, this Black kid got on with these green sweatpants like 2 years too old for him. He was standing almost in front of me and I couldn't keep my eyes offa his ass. It was just soooo round in those sweats, which seemed to lift and pull his cheeks up like a bra. He turned and saw me staring directly at his ass;and he laughed this scratchy throat laugh, which made me laugh back. He got off the same stop as me, 34th street. Penn Station was where I always started my rounds. A big arcade there — filled up with both boys workin and men hawkin. I lost sight of him but he turned up like in 10 minutes when I was playin "OffRoad." "Can I join in?" He asked me. Mad politely. "No problem" was my reply as I spotted Milton coming in, he usually paid me \$100 if I'd let him shoot in my mouth, so I dropped the game and shorty and ran to him. I gave him the customary wink and grin, and he was climbing the stairs to 8th Ave. faster than me. We went to his house for a quickie and now I didn't even have to work today if I didn't want to. I had a total of \$180 in my sneakers and a nick of weed and \$4 in food stamps in my pocket. I was on a mission to find "green sweats."

I searched 34th and started workin my way up Broadway to 42nd. Did my rounds in Playland, no luck, no green sweats. I continued my way up to 46th and hit the other Playland. Was kinda empty except for Mike and Adam, two white boys who lived in Harlem in my cousin Frankie's building. Botha them ass out. Botha them on the streets for like 7 years. Worn out. Played out. Used up. Washed up. Just one look inta they eyes and nothin is what yall see. Empty. Used up souls. Inspiration for any husla ta get off the streets and back in school. To hang up ya rubbas. Turn in the grease. Wipe ya mouth. And start all over again... yeah... maybe tommorra!

I went to the arcade with the drive thru and sat down in the Sega car for a spin at “Outrun.” Slip 2 quarters into the machine and pick the music. Plug in my Walkman headphones, and along with the blunt in my skull, I was on my way to Cali. Turn here. Dip there. Passin board afta board. If you could only get paid to play this shit here, I’d be a fuggin KA-Zillion-Aire!!! I spot some lime green sweats out the corner of my eyes, take them offa the road for a second, look towards “Rush‘N’Attack” — CRASH — into a tree, “Please deposit one quarter to continue...”

Waltzing over to his game, I position myself close enough behind him that as soon as he finished, if he backs up a centimeter, he’ll smooch his ass cheeks into my hand, which is propped sorta in my front pocket, sorta out! Game over! Ass cheeks stay against my knuckles lookin at his final score. He just stays there like I’m not feelin his contours. He turns his head sideways to me, “You gonna play?”

“Nah, just watchin!” He stays against my hand and inserts another quarter. I get bold and actually cup his left cheek in my right hand. He lets me. I linger. He plays. I’ll cum if the wind blows. He plays. I linger. He says, “What about the other side?” I blush and take a slight step back.

During his game, I walked to the exit for a Newport. After his game, I saw him look around and figure he was lookin for me. I look past him. Don’t wanna make him think I’m sweatin him. Kid comes right out the damn arcade and is like, “Got a stogie?” I pass him the rest of my cigarette, and just kinda try and figure out how to play this one, which seems to be fallin right into my web. “Yo, you heard KRS One’s new shit?” I ask him.

“Ain’t no one as dope as KRS!” says greenjeans.

Word! I confirm. “Yo, you workin?” I slip in.

“You CRAZY?” he responds.

“Miguelito.”

“Ashton.”

“Ashton? What kinda shit is that?” I ask. He laughs and explains that it was his mother’s brother’s name, but he got shot. “Word, my pops got shot like a couple years ago too.”

“Oh, sorry man,” he added.

Ashton walked with me across the street, and we just continued talkin like we always hung. “Where ya live?”

“On Boston Road in the Bronx!”

“Word, I neva been up there, you goin?”

“Yeah, wanna come? My ma’s at work and my brotha’s out,” he said, explainin it would be cool, and we’d have the house to ourselves, and he knows some bitches who’d come over if I wanted to fuckem. I was like fuggit — whateva — let’s be out.

Me and Ashton rode the D train uptown passin my Washington Heights neighborhood and shootin across town to the Boogie Down. We was laughin and talkin and all that and to tell ya the truth, it was like we took this ride together everyday. We got off the train and walked past some empty lots and burned out buildings and came ta his. It was one a those soon to be condemned joints, but it was home to him and 19 other families. Which I later found out was like 14 other families and 5 spots in his building. His apartment was nice. Real big compared to Manhattan ones. Apartments in the Bronx was always bigga than the shits we lived in in Manhattan. His room was cool. Tons a hip hop posters. I pulled a sac-a-weed outta my sock and a El Producto from my jacket pocket and asked him if it was OK. Twisted a blunt and smoked it solo. Kid don’t smoke but his bro and ma do, so it’s old news to him.

Once I was blitzed I started runnin my mouth. “You know you was workin nigga, why ya frontin?”

“Workin what, with the faggots and shit?”

“Hell yeah, you know you be suckin on they dicks and lettin em stick it in that round ass a yours. Just admit it. I work!”

He was just laughin and shit and was like callin me crazy and shit. I think he saw that my dick was chasin my belly by now. I was like, “You know niggas be lovin ya cute black body! BOOTY AND ALL!”

He was like, “Stop playin!” Then he looked at me real seriously and started askin if it was true, that men pay kids for them to suck your dick. That the men do the suckin and PAY YOU!?! He couldn’t believe it. I was tellin him that they pay even more if you suck them or if you let them lick your ass and shit like that. He listened and asked and listened and asked and by now, I could see a line runnin up to his stomach too.

I’m not one to let a good opportunity pass by so I just straight up said to let me see it. He pulled back the sweats and this kid who was 12 had a bush of hair, a nice-but-cut five inches, beefy nuts and said, “I can’t cum yet.” One look at his nuts and I knew he just didn’t try enough. First things first. I asked him where he got so much hair. I was a year older and had like 26 hairs. He

said he eats a lot of limes and limes make you grow hair. I knew it was something I'd never eat again cause men be hatin to see a kid with hair.

Then I told him, "Yo, I bet you five dollars I can make you cum."

"Yeah right!" Well, here goes nothing. I reached out and stroked and stroked and stroked and... nothing. He was sittin with his back to the wall on his bed and I was between his legs. I inched closer and took him into my mouth. Making it mad slippery with way too much saliva, I started strokin it again with my years of exxxperience. Took it back into my mouth and just worked in hyper drive. Two minutes, five minutes, 10 minutes... nothin. I let the spit run down all over his crack and stuck my finger in his hole as I sucked and sucked and sucked and nothin happened. I looked up and was like, "Yo B you OK?" He was asleep. I took out my dick and licked up his nuts and ass and cummed all over the side of his bed in like 41 seconds flat. I shot SPLAT! SPLAT! SPLAT! SPLAT! I never cummed so much in my life. Kid was cummless or somethin.

I woke him up cause it was gettin dark and asked him to walk me to the train. "Yo Ashton, how cum you can't cum?"

He was like, "I just can't, I tried a million times." We cut across the park and playground and I spotted one of those spacelike things ta climb up in and shit so we climbed in and just kinda sat there talkin and lookin at the night roll in. I lit a Newport and smoked tha shit to the filter.

"Can I try again?" I asked, tryin not to have to pay this kid \$5.00 of my hardly earned money.

"HERE?!"

"Yeah fuggit, no one'll see." I tried as covincin as possible.

"If you really want to" he answered. I got him hard in 2.5 seconds and went down for round two. I was dizzy already for bobbin my head like for 10 minutes in a row.

"C'mon!" I screamed as my professional work went unnoticed and with no outCUM.

"It don't work Miguel, and you don't gotta pay me."

"Thanksgod!" I added, and we continued to walk again to the train

"I'm goin with you," Ashton inviting himself said. And he came with me to my grandmother's on 131st and Amsterdam. Manhattanville Projects.

I really liked this kid. He almost made me forget about Kiko. To top it off, there was still an element of mystery cause I still never seen his ass from a full cheek view. We stopped at Pioneer supermarket downstairs from the

p.j.s. and I brought some *platanos*, some *bacalao*, some fruit and some juice and some candy for us and my little brothers and cousins that all lived at my grandmother's apartment which was kinda like a group home of everyone of her strung-out or locked-up kids' kids. A total of 14 people living in her 3 bedroom joint on the 11th floor. "AYE MY BA-BEE WHERE YA BEEN? PORQUE YOU NO CALL YA NANA-YOU KNOW NANA WORRY FA YOU MIGUELITO ABRAZAME GIVE TO ME A KISS! LET ME SEE MY LIL MAN!" My grandmother makes up for all the love I never got from my crackhead-poor excuse for a mother — who encouraged her little brother to turn me out.

"I'm sorry Abuela, I love you! I was at Ashton's house for this week (a lie) and he not having a *telefono*. *Perdona me abuelita* I don't mean to make you worry, look I buyed some food for tonight, just in case."

"*Aye bendito*, you such a little man. You know *abuelita* cook already for you and your friend. You know she always cook enough for everybody. Sit down. Sit down. And who is this handsome friend Miguel?"

I introduced Ashton to her as we took off our coats. By now my fan-club of pint sized assorted relatives have come out from every room to see what's the commotion.

Introductions is like a million years. We scoffed down some *moro negro con higado y cebolla* and went to the *sala* to smoke a cigarette. "Yo, you got a crazy big family Miguelito, and they all so cool, and ya grandmother is mad mad nice!"

"Thanks B," makin me beam with pride. I really did love my grandmother and all the rest a my family, but ya know, I be feelin all locked in and it's mad crowded, and we mad poor. So if I wanna get shit, I gotta do what I gotta do. I went to the *cocina* and handed my grandmother \$60.

"Here's from work gramma."

"Miguel, you know I don't want no dirty money, if you got this sellin drugs take it back."

"I already told you gramma, I don't sell drugs, I told you I work downtown."

She cut me a funny look and starts telling me a story about the priest in the old church on Convent who got caught screwin Todd, the little black kid from the 4th floor. "Miguel, this white man named Keith keep callin here, *quien es?* — and what he want with you? And Eva said she seen a white man kiss you on the lips in a car behind the projects, is it true?"

“*Coho abuela, dejar me tranquilo*, please, leave me alone!” I went into my room and Ashton followed close by before I shut the door, closing out the questions. Closing out the nagging. Closing out the caring. I knew she only worried and really did care about me. But she also knew that Nelson used to screw me and Tio Juan also. So why she insists on the questions. Everyone knows I turn tricks and have since I was little. That’s why sometimes I wish some man would just rescue me. Take me and care for me and love me and buy me shit and let me sleep all day and play all night and fuck school and fuck the world and fuck me right and do what you gotta do and let me be me and just hug me and love me and love me and love me and let me forget about the hate and forget about the abuse and forget about the blood and the pain and the pain and the pain.

Ashton looked down on the floor when I buried my face into the pillow and was crying like a baby. “She’s only worried,” he said.

“Yo, you don’t know shit,” I managed to blurt out between sobs. Her words cut thru me. I knew I loved other boys. Loved a man’s love too. I knew women were from another planet to me. I didn’t need anyone else pointing out to me that *yo soy sucio. Un mariconcito*. A dirty little homo mutha fucka. I wish it wasn’t like this, but I know what makes me feel the way I do. I knew that Ashton’s round round round butt was callin me from the second he stepped on the #1 train at 116th. I knew from long before my drunk uncle slithered inside me, broke me, tore me, ripped me, consumed my soul, that I loved someone to get on top and give my mouth a fuckin and a half. He should’ve waited to take my ass, I would’ve got to it eventually. But at eight? Screwin me every time I was in a deep sleep and he was a little drunk, stoned, or skiid up? He should’ve waited. I haven’t had a good night sleep since, and it’s been YEARS.

Ashton now felt outa place, but I snapped out of it when I realized I had company, and her remarks, questions and reprimands were an every-time-I-see-her event. “You sleepin ova Ashton?” I asked.

“Can I?” he responded.

“If you want, but there ain’t much room and you gotta sleep here with me.” He agreed and was only worried that my grandmother might get mad. I was like tellin him that she was just trippin and everyone who sleeps over always sleeps with me and she don’t give a fuck. I told him about my uncles good and bad, that her own son took my ass when he was 17 and I was 8, and

he didn't say shit but listened real good. My cousins and little brothers started filing into the room, as we shared the space.

"You gonna live with us?" asked my lil brotha Fernando.

"No, stupid, he's just sleepin over" I told him.

"Yous gonna get married like you and tio?" he said. WHAM! Stupid lil muthafucka always gotta say some otha shit to embarrass me again.

"We ain't gettin married, but keep this shit up and I'm gonna let Ashton hit dat ass!" He shut up quick and started playin with Jorge and Cesar. I rolled the next "L" and smoked.

My grandmother knocked on the door and Ashton looked like he was gonna shit. Like DEA was here. "*Entra!*" She opened up the door and asked me to leave her some herb so she could make a tea for Ricardito, he had a asthma attack in the afternoon. I gave her the rest a my sac, and Ashton stood with his mouth dropped.

"Ya grandma smokes weed?"

"Yeah, but I gave it to her for a tea." He didn't understand when we spoke in Spanish and didn't believe this old sweet woman got STONED.

We watched TV in the *sala* and I told my friend I was gonna take a desperately needed shower. He followed under my feet worse than my little brothers. He didn't feel right by himself in the sala with my family, so of course he followed me into the bathroom. I set the shower to a perfectly not too hot not too cold temperature, stripped naked and climbed in, signalin with a head nod for my beautiful black friend to follow. I liked to take a combo shower-bath. A "bather" — a "showba." By the time Ashton came in I was layin down. He stood over me straddlin my legs and lathered up his self includin his nappy hair. He was only a little darker than me, but the water and the light had him shining like he was plugged in. I reached up cause I couldn't resist watchin the soap roll down his cheeks. I just reached up and ran my hands down, around, inside, all over. From the small of his back to the top of his thighs. As he was washin the soap from his eyes, I pulled him back by the hips and shoved my face between that ass. He did somethin that surprised me, he gave in. He laid down across me and pushed his ass against my lickin suckin face as hard as he could and took my dick between his hands. This was the first time he touched me. I just ate his ass for as long as it took and he jerked my dick until my cum started bubblin out and over the top of his hands just before countdown... 7, 6, 5, 4... shit almost hit the ceiling. This I called 68. One less than 69. As I drifted in an orgasmic stupor, I

dreamed I was eatin my own round-smooth-ass, suckin my own dick, eatin my own cum... Ashton.

The night was incredible. He was a natural lover. When he took me into his mouth for the first time he made sure he was shovin his fingers up in me. I knew he wanted to screw me but I really didn't want it. Not only was it something I reserved for those closest to my heart (or wallet) but this kid didn't cum, so I didn't want someone plowin my guts for hours, no thank you. I drifted ta sleep as he was rubbin it between my legs and ass. He stuck it in me a few times, but would take it out quick, thinkin I was sleepin.

The next morning at breakfast of *mangu* and eggs, he was hush hush askin me a million questions about the men on the deuce. How they pay. What they want... all the usual soon to be tricksters questions. "Yo, stop askin, and come wid me today."

He looked on the floor and to the ceiling. "OK" he said, after five minutes of silence. I already forgot what he was sayin OK to.

"OK WHAT?" I asked.

"OK I'll go, but I ain't suckin no man's dick and they ain't gonna fuck me!" Two rules he'll soon learn to bend.

After breakfast we went back to my room and I locked the door. Ashton looked at me crazy when I started rubbin his ass and my dick with my hands. "Let's play like I'm the man and you the kid and I just picked you up," I said.

"Aright, what we gonna do?" I told him to really pretend, cause it'll be kinda like school for a teenybopper-hip hop husla. I was gonna teach him how it goes down.

"Take ya shit off kid," I said as I unsnapped the snap on his jeans. "You kinda big kid, you new to this?" Typical men talk. I pushed him back on the bed, took off his sneakers and socks, and he lifted his butt a few inches off tha bed so I could pull his pants and underwear down in one yank. Naked except for his shirt which I pushed up and he tucked under his chin. I climbed between his legs and took his kinda fat (or swollen) cut 5" into my mouth. I sucked him for a few minutes and did what most men be doin to me, I rolled him over. I started rubbin his ass. I took my time with each cheek. Stretchin, feelin, pullin, separatin, and strokin. All preliminaries before I dropped my mouth to his hole. I licked, pulled, pushed, sucked, spit, just all in all made him one big slippery mess that I would soon use to my advantage. First one finger, then two, then three. I felt like I was operatin and he was my ever willing patient. When I climbed on top and started to guide my hard as stone

dick to his ass, his eyes popped open... “Don’t worry, just relax, I’m gonna go real slow.” How many times I heard those words. How many times they swam around inside my head while I slept on a train or in a theater with a throbbin pain between my legs, in my ass. How many c’mons, or you did this befores, or it won’t hurts. Left alone to feel the pain and dry the blood. The extra 40 or 50 beans actually let my 9 year old head justify the scenario. I pushed in first the head, takin my time so he’d get used to it. I inched myself in ever so carefully. Damn this nigga was tight. I could feel his muscle expandin and contractin. Grippin my dick. Tryin ta milk the cum outta me which was risin just cause it was like an inferno inside this kid. Once I got the head completely in, I slipped myself in easy. He just pushed his face into the pillow and I began to stroke. I only stroked like 40 times when I pulled out and squirted on his cheeks. Makin me look twice the situation over. Dick droppin cum. Contrast of milky white cum and brown spit-stained muscular baby smooth, hairless ass cheeks. It was too good to be true. This kid got me hooked. Here I am supposed to be a hustler, but spend mosta my time huslin otha kids into my bed... a fuggin lunatic, I swear.

Ashton handled the takin of his cherry like a princess on her honeymoon. Not a flinch. We got on the I train on 125th and head down to Playland. I could skip 34th today as I had definite business to tend to. “Miguel, I still ain’t lettin no man stick nuthin up in me, you hear?”

“Don’t worry!” I hushed to my friend. “Lets get to work!” I spotted an old timer comin outta Showpalace named Stanley. A big-bellied, bigger-pocketed white man with a taste for underage Spanish and Black kids. This nigga would even pay extra ta keep ya underwear or anything, so I usually gave him a bonus by wipin my ass crack with the corner of his sheet before I left. Kinda like a doggie bag for him. He could run it under his nostrils fa the next few days and dream of me sittin on his fat nose, runnin my ass back and forth from his chin to his forehead. He’s good for a 40 spot to cum down his throat and a little ass suck. I ran over to him, “Stanley!” He almost ran to me and we ducked inside Sbarros. “Look Stanley, this is my friend Anthony (never use your real name on the streets) and he was wonderin if you could loan him a few dollars.” (knowin his suggestion would be an odd job or two at his place). “Yo, I go with him cause he’s new to this, aright?”

“Whatever kid, you know where the building is, meet me there in 15 minutes, OK?”

We was there in 10. Ashton was mad nervous, but I dropped the logistics on him. “Guys big but harmless, and all you got to do is sit back and enjoy, and I get 1/3 of whatever you make, bet?”

“Bet!” We was in the vestibule when Stanley came waddlin down the block. We silently greeted him and followed him into his flat.

“Go easy on him Stanley, ya hear?” They went into the room and I flicked on the set. This niggas got cable with every channel under the sun. I was watchin the public access Dominican channel cause they showed *Merengue* and *Bachata* videos and commercials from all the stores in my neighborhood. I helped myself to some juice in the fridge, tipped it off with a little rum from the counter. Damn... Washed it down and made the next, a *Ron Ponche*. I was gettin twisted, when I heard a moan or two from the bedroom. I tried to ignore it but my friend behind my zipper was already beginnin ta stir. I got up and put my ear to the door. I could hear Ashton gigglin and whisperin. I opened the door as quietly as I could cause curiosity was eatin at me, and alls I see is Big Fat Stanley’s naked back and ass. From the way it looks, Ashton’s either gettin fucked in the ass or mouth, I couldn’t tell.

I went out the room and silently closed the door. I sat in the recliner and yelled out, “What the fuck, ya’ll been there like an hour!” No answer from the room. “YO!” I yelled again. “What tha fuck!” Still no answer. I opened the door and they layin next to each other and Ashton’s got his leg over the big guy’s and they both look asleep or on the way. “YO, what up, I gotta be out, I’m losin money.” No answer. Finally Stan opens his eyes and tells me to be out, that Ashton’s gonna stay a while.

“You got a few dollars I can borrow Stanley?”

He looked at me weird and was like, “You broke? Since when is little hustling money bags broke?” he said sarcastically.

“You know I ain’t broke nigga, just hit me off, is all!”

“There’s some money on the bureau, take a 20.” No need to tell me twice. “Meet me in Playland,” I yell to Ashton as I go out the door. No answer.

I walked back to the arcade almost in a daze. Ashton. That was weird, I thought to myself. It left my mind as fast as it came when I was in the doorway of my job. I stayed outside for a quick cigarette and a scan of the traffic and slithered in the door. I was playin one a those Elton John pinball machines when I caught the reflection of this nerdy lookin guy. I turned

around and see this college-lookin kid lookin at me from head to toe. “Mind?” he said as he started to slide a quarter into the slot.

“Not unless you don’t got anotha,” I said, a subtle beg of a quarter.

I whipped his ass, and he kept pumpin in more coins. Again. More. Again. More. I turned to him and was like, you don’t gotta waste all that money in the machine if you don’t want, cause I’m kinda hungry, and broke, so if you wanna buy anything, lemme get a slice a pizza or somethin. I walked outside and of course he followed. Followed me right into Sbarros. I ordered a slice and a Sprite and he paid. We sat at a table in the far back when I dropped my questions on him, or rather my verbal resume. “I do whateva it don matter. Suck, fuck, get fucked, get sucked, just no weird shit like this guy who wanted me to put clothes pins on his nipples, I’m not into that. I went on to list a list of famous people who visited my establishment. He looked amazed. Almost as amazed as me when he announced, “You’re Under Arrest!” He slipped the cuffs on me and radioed for a blue and white to take me for processing. I got slapped with a solicitation charge (prostitution) and a few others. They hit me also with a p.i.n.s. petition. Persons In Need of Supervision. I was scared shitless and knew I would end up in DFY, Spofford or a group home.

They put me before a judge and he sent me back to juvenile at Rikers Island. C-74. Here I would surely die. All I could see was “all eyes on me!” I felt like a bloody fish in shark-infested waters. I had at least 3 weeks here, until my next court date. Institutional dullness. It was like a spinoff of the projects. I was put in a bedroom type cell with a black kid a few years younger than me. HMMMM my mind began to stray towards memories of Kiko, Ashton, and a million other kids my age or a little younger who I seduced so easily.

I was pet. This kid introduced himself as Da’nell or somethin like that. He started his intros and his schoolin. “You from uptown?” he asked.

“Yeah, Harlem and Washington Heights,” I answered.

“I can tell,” he said.

“Word?!?” my response. He told me what to expect. Who to talk to, not to talk to... all the info I needed. We got ready to lay down when the C.O. came to the cell.

“Fuentes, get ya shit, you made bail.”

What the fuck, I thought to myself, I didn’t tell no one what happened. The C.O. took me to a series of rooms and the last one had a little room

where I met with my lawyer. My lawyer? What lawyer? It appears one of my more richer drug dealing uncles bailed me out. He spoke, “Your uncle Jose is a very good man you know!?!”

“Yeah, and?”

He went on, “It appears to me that you have been set up. Entrapment. Are you ready to go home?”

“That’s it?” I asked.

“No, you’ll have a court date in a few weeks and I will represent you.”

“WORD?” my stupid response. I just wanted to go home, the last three nights have been hell. I needed a hot bath, a hot meal and a good hug.

He drove me to my house and was questioning me about the case. I told him the truth and he was telling me the new story. I half listened and only wanted to hear my sweet grandma’s voice.

I bolted out his car and ran to the elevator. Eleven floors later I was coming down my hallway when I got the chills. Kinda like a bad feelin deep inside. I knocked on her door but no one answered. I got scared, real scared. The elevator door opens up and out walks my grandma and the rest a the clan. Whew!

“*Aye, pobrecito*, wha happan, *dios mio*, are you OK baby?”

“Yes grandma, just starvin and stinkin, need a bath, bad.” She always knew when to give me my space. She cooked and I bathed. I filled it with some hot-ass water and just closed my eyes. I thought I was dreamin but when I opened my eyes, my cousin Jorgie was playin with my dick and nuts — strokin. I just closed my eyes and let him continue and he finished and I heard his slippers slidin down the hall.

“MIGUEL!” called *abuela* from the kitchen, “*TELEFONO!*” I dried off and wrapped the towel around my waist. When I picked up the phone it was Rico, my cousin and fellow whore.

“Miguel, they raided Playland today and busted mad heads, where the fuck you was?” I told him I was already at Rikers. He couldn’t believe it and ran down the names of our boys that got pinched. I asked him about Ashton and he said the only black kid was Hannibal. A cool-ass little 10 year old who was my weed partner. First time I hit that ass he was like eight or nine and showed up at the arcade one Saturday mornin... No sign of Ashton.

The next morning I got on the train with the main objective of findin my new best friend. I went directly to Stanley’s. I was sure Ashton was still there. No answer. I spotted Stanley commin outta the liquor store but says he

ain't seen him for like two days. I jumped back on the trains to the Bronx, figurin I'd check his crib. When I got to the building, it was locked. There were marshal stickers on the doors, which were padlocked. A big NO TRESPASSING sign was there too. I asked some lady who was passin with one a those old beat up grocery carts, "Excuse me ma'am you know what happened here?" She told me what went down and said everyone either went to other family or to a shelter somewhere. Where, exactly, she did not know. I was frantic. My heart was beatin fast, the whole nine yards. I walked thru the playground we messed around in and a tear came to my eye. I hoped to god everything was all right with Ashton. I just had a bad feeling.

Days turned into nights turned into days. I stayed home most of the time. Just hung out around the neighborhood, kinda waitin for Ashton to show up. It was kinda bugged cause about this time, one of my uncles moved around the corner to 126th and St. Nick. He was living on my family's old block, 172nd and apparently the police came into his house with search warrants and turned up nothing. They were frustrated and he was out. He moved to this little apartment which was the size of my gramma's bedroom. Him, his little loverboy and the rest of his crew. I paid him a visit with my cousins Frar I ind Carlos and we just checked out his crib. Small, but cozy. ,ien Franky told me that he seen Ashton sellin StreetNews (a newspaper for the homeless) on the #1 train.

"Say word!" I told him.

"WORD!" he responded. I never tore down a flight of stairs so fast. I ran to Broadway and hopped the turnstile to the #1 train. I rode the train all day and some of the night, but didn't catch Ashton. He was nowhere to be found. I got off around the deuce and figured I would check Stanley. I went up to his house and he was there with Danny, this little Italian kid from Brooklyn who was way too white and too skinny for my liking. "Stan, what's up with Ashton, seen im?" I asked.

"He came by on Tuesday and said he was going to Montreal with this black guy he met in the arcade."

I was puzzled. "What?" I asked. "He's going to Montreal? Where tha fuck is Montreal?" I asked double puzzled.

"He seemed real happy," Stanley added.

"What did he say to me?" I asked. "Did he ask for me?"

Stanley said he didn't and I left his house feelin that emptiness I'm so famous for. Another love another loss. Fall in love with everyone it seems,

only to be broken, feelin sorry for myself.

They closed Playland on 48th and limited our workspace to a few other arcades. The change men went from one to another as they were all owned by the same rich Jewish guy. I continued huslin cause it's all I could do to make my loot. My case came up and things were lookin fucked up. They sentenced me to 18 months at DFY (Division for Youth) and only a few weeks before I had to go. My gramma was real quiet around the apartment and my lil bros and the rest of the crew were askin just too many questions.

“You goin to jail?” asks Fernandito. “Who'd you kill, that black kid?”

“I didn't kill no one popi, I'm goin to jail for messin around with men, you know? Also for not goin to school.”

We cried in each other's arms and my gramma came in t' add to the sea of tears. “AYE DON WORRY MY BABY — YOU'LL BE OUT SOON AND IT'LL BE OK.”

I never went that time, instead my uncle Jose sent me to Santo Domingo for four months. I spent my time catchin up on being a kid for a while. In the Dominican Republic, I could play. I could chase a ball, go fishin, swimmin, whateva. I could be a kid again. No cash was needed. No pressures of fancy shit. Just be a kid. And that's what I did. I stayed a little longer than four months, I stayed six months. It was too easy to find other boys to get with too. I mean, my first day at the ocean and these three dark-skinned kids my age and a little younger ran by me kickin up sand and peelin off their clothes as they stripped naked to swim. I wasn't expectin it and I took off my bathing suit and joined the local kids. It was gonna be easy here. I could finally be a kid again. At least for a while!

1994-1995

LONNIE: UPSTATE NEW YORK

Buddy was an ordinary trick beside the fact that he always came to pick me up with an extra pair of shorts. Around the second week of every month, I would keep my eyes pinned for him. He collected his check from some Vietnam shit around that time and he was guaranteed to spend at least \$100 in my direction.

Our ritual for the past few months has been pretty much boring... I was in Playland on 48th (the one they dosed down) when I see this black man in his 30s peekin at me from between some machines. I remember, it was a day before July 4th and it was a mad hot and humid day.

I got these \$5 shorts I just copped a few days before. I don't like to steal from "Robbins," as easy as it is. I buy them, as like a business investment. *Tu sables*. If I wear a boy's 14 and they fit nice and baggy... no good. I trade them in for a 12 so they can hug my only source of income. And hug they doooooooo. If me and Hannibal are exiting the arcade to puff a bag of weed at the cab stand out front, I purposely lean over the hood to roll the blunt and have my partner count how many eyes go from the games to my ass. I got the kind of butt that flips out in the back. Stupid round. Even people who don't have sex with me or boys be forever pattin, pinchin or grabbin a handful of my commodity. After a count of frustrated, horny eyes, Hannibal laughs and bees, like, If I collected 5 beans a head, we could puff weed all the way to the morning!

Anyway, I see this black guy peekin through the machines.

He catches me catchin him, and looks away faster than a speeding bullet. I'm hungry, tired and got my dick straight out and tucked up under the elastic of the shorts so it don't pop out straight, and I walk around the lanes of games until I see this man peekin through again, only to find I left. I walked straight behind the guy and pressed my shit into his right hand which was just hangin there. He jumped!

I took his hand and led him outside so we could talk through the noise of the games. I told him I was dumb hungry and wanted to see a movie. Yo, the slow ones, I gotta be straight forward with. I don't got time to play mind

games and shit. I gotta eat, and I gotta get a room for the night. Even though I was only 12, I was alone.

The guy feeds me as we exchange meaningless bullshit Smalltalk. I can tell he ain't picked no one up before. Actually, he didn't even pick me up, he just stared too long at my butt, and I picked him up.

We get to the flick which I remember like yesterday. *Alien Nation*. Nobody looks twice on 42nd Street when they see a black man and a barely clothed Spanish kid enter.

We cop two dark seats in the balcony and I pull off my shorts completely and put them where they belong. On my head. A horny boy's hat. Buddy turns to me when I call his attention and rips those mother-fuckers off my head faster than I pulled them off my bod. He sees me stark naked except a shirt, with my legs pushin at the back of the seat in front of me.

He grabs my wrist hard and squeezes and whispers to me, "Yo, you crazy? You wanna get me busted or what?"

This shit puts me to laugh mad hard. Obviously this nigga's from outa town. I tell 'm it's cool, don't sweat. Sometimes I sleep overnight up here. The workers don't come up 'cause there's too many steps and they be all lazy and fat and shit.

I take Buddy's hand and move it from my wrist to my dick and leave the rest up to him. This nigga felt me up for like two seconds and dropped to his knees. He played with my butt, which annoyed me, so I closed my eyes and tried as hard as I could to bust a nut fast. I only get a drop or two, so I got to the art of fakin in no time. I start squeezing my ass to make my dick jump around in his mouth and pushed his head away like it hurt. He sat down, ripped open his pants and jerked off with my shorts pressed against his face. Buddy shot over the seats in fronta us and zipped up.

I didn't wanna go when we were done so I just chilled with my shirt on. Buddy said he had to leave in his funny accent and gave me two \$20 bills. He wanted my shorts but obviously couldn't get them. He said to wear them for the next few days and he would see me again on Tuesday. I said, Bet, but the fee would be \$25.

In like three days I'm playin Street Fighter Pt. 1 in the same arcade and I get tapped on my back and then get a hand resting on my shoulder. I'm up to the last board and am ready to beat the master, Sagget or whatever the fuck the nigga's name is, but I'm distracted and defeated. I turn to see Buddy. Yo, once a trick touches you, they feel like this ownership or something which

makes them more special than the rest of the losers in the arcade. Just so happens the rest of the losers beat this hillbilly black man to the jackpot by like two years or two minutes. Depending on who it was.

Still, they be on this ownership shit. This father shit. I'm baffled at the logic. Buddy's like, Luis, hurry up, we gotta go. Yo, if I wasn't starvin and didn't have a pack of vultures hovering over me, I woulda dissed this nigga lovely, but due to the circumstances I dropped my game and left.

I still had on the shorts he requested. I'm sure they were worth the 25 dollars he kicked, 'cause they sure kicked. As soon as I got into his car, he handed me a pair of Fruit of the Looms and sweat pants and passed along a plastic bag to stuff my used shorts into. He's quick!

Where we goin, Buddy?

He took me to the Stadium Motor Lodge near Yankee Stadium in the Bronx. A full-fledged fuck joint. We showered and I let him soap me, but I jumped out with the quickness, 'cause I'm down with the CIA (cash in advance). If he got it too hot in the bathroom that means he'll try to get over on a freebie.

Buddy used to see me about once a week for a few months, until he asked me for a number or an address so he wouldn't have to meet me in the meat market. It was gettin kinda hot there with the Feds and shit. I told him at the moment I got no place but the Deuce. Buddy paused for a minute and asked about my family. I told him there was nobody also at the moment. He paused for another minute and asked if I would like to stay in his place for a while. Being I was always up for a new adventure... what the fuck!

Buddy hit the Major Deegan Expressway and drove like for an hour before he got off the exit to Poughkeepsie. He paid the tolls and turned left down the next road. We was in the country, boy! Buddy pointed out the apple farms and the grapes and all the other shit. All I know was this shit was real different. If he left me here, I'd never get home! This ain't the block?!?!

We pulled into this long-ass driveway and stopped at the end. A trailer was facing us. This is home? I was picturing this huge house like the ones we passed gettin up here.

We walked into the trailer which was a lot bigger than it looked. Inside I expected it to be empty, but there was this handsome, light-skinned black kid around my age with cheeks and eyes that glowed. Although at the moment they was glowin with anger.

"Who the fuck is that?" I heard him yell to Buddy.

“Don’t start this shit with me now. I told you my friend’s son would be stayin with us for a while.”

They came outa the room and he introduced us. “Luis, this is my son, Lonnie. Lonnie, this is Luis.”

We shook hands and Buddy said to get to know each other, he was gonna go to the Great American and cop some groceries for the crib.

Buddy broke out, and I decided to break the ice. Nothin worked, ’cause Lon apparently knew the deal. He broke down and started kickin the ballistics. Buddy gets mean when he gets drunk, which is like always. He likes to get physical, and don’t think you are the only one he messes with. You ain’t, and he got a wife, too, but she’s cool.

By the time Buddy came home with his bitch, we was passed out on the couch using opposite hand rests as pillows. Buddy picked me up and put me in the extra room on the bed. He pulled down my shorts and licked me awake even though I was only fake-sleepin anyway. After I busted I drifted to sleep.

I woke at dawn ’cause I heard him and his wife leavin for work, not to mention there was a little mosquito flyin around my ear.

I put on my shorts and walked into the kitchen where Lonnie was cookin’ eggs.

“You want some, Luis?”

Okay. Bet!

After breakfast he walked me around the property. Like 100 feet from the trailer was a swimmin hole we would definitely be dippin into before noon when the sun was dead center in the sky.

The property was huge and consisted of woods and cleared area with like 70 or 80 old cars. A junkyard. We ran to the trailer, ’cause Lonnie heard the phone ring, but by the time we got there it stopped. He started gettin scared that it was Buddy and Buddy would think we was up to no good. As he tried calling him at work, I stripped and ran to the pond thing swimmin hole so I could cool off.

After a few minutes Lonnie came out in his underwear and pulled them down just before diving in. We splashed around and had water fights before climbing to the bank to soak up the sun. I leapt up and ran to my shorts where I stashed a fat bag of weed. I rolled a skinny joint before I walked back to the pond after I lit it up from the stove

Lonnie looked at me like I was the Toxic Avenger or some shit. You smoke? Noooooooo! Meeeeeeee? Sure bro, you want some?

You fuckin crazy, Luis? Buddy would saw off your hands if he saw you. I was, like, Yeah, right. “Lonnie, my brother, me and you is real, real different.” I dropped the science on him as he stared at me with his mouth open. I told him my life story. I blew Buddy’s cover and told him how he picked me up and the whole nine yards. And then came his confessions.

He told me that he lived in a trailer at the entrance of the property and his mother be drinkin cheap gin like 24/7. He started comin over to play in front of Buddy’s trailer. Buddy always used to say hello and smile and shit. One day when he was 10, Buddy invited him into the trailer for ice tea. He sat at the table drinkin the tea when Buddy started on this thing about how he had to wash himself. He was sayin that he’s dirty and his shorts are dirty. In a few minutes he suggested washing his shorts for him, and in the meantime, why not take a shower?

Lonnie stripped for his neighbor which got him excited in a way. He was gettin hard. Lonnie grabbed the towel Buddy handed to him and went into the bathroom. Buddy was washing his shorts in the kitchen sink when he heard the water turn off. Lonnie came out and said, “What now?”

Buddy told him to wait in the bedroom, as he was hangin up the shorts to dry. Lonnie ran to the bed with the towel wrapped around him and flicked on the TV. He dozed off as he was watching cartoons.

In his semi-conscious state he felt the breeze no longer hittin just his legs. Now he felt the breeze on his balls and the rest of his body. He said he was scared, but excited, too. He knew that Buddy had removed the towel from around him. He just wanted to see what would happen next.

Buddy rolled him over on his stomach and spread Lonnie’s legs. In his mind, he was sayin, What the fuck? In a way he was too scared to move. Scared that he would be caught fake sleepin, or scared Buddy would call him gay, ’cause he was stupid hard.

After Buddy spread his legs, he climbed between them and started feelin and sniffin his butt. He grabbed both cheeks, spread them, and began lickin. Lonnie gave it up when he couldn’t take it no more. He was pushin his butt into Buddy’s face. He felt the whole bed rockin — Buddy was jerking himself off. He flopped Lonnie over and started suckin his dick. A first for Lonnie. Buddy came into his hand and slipped outa the room, leavin the kid confused.

Buddy came back in a few minutes and asked Lonnie to get dressed. Lonnie thought he did something wrong and would get in some kinda trouble

for this. But Buddy was all smiles. He kissed Lonnie on the cheek and said to come back tomorrow. From the next day on, Lonnie never slept home again.

After sharing both life stories, Lonnie and I decided to share a cool bath. In minutes we was sexin it up under the running water. Lonnie liked to be passive in all areas, and, being I was used to sex for money, I was used to taking charge. Lonnie was putty in my hands. It became a daily routine for us to get together any chance we had. The only trick was not to let a clue to Buddy, otherwise we'd both get the ax.

Lonnie was originally from Trinidad. He was honeycolored with white people hair, a small nose, beautiful lips and green eyes. He was a little smaller than me. Like 4'11". He had a good attitude. He looked up to me — so that was his problem. He would follow me around. Country boy, city boy shit.

The first time I got in trouble was when we were sleeping in the living room. It was like one a.m. and Lonnie was under the blanket giving me head. Christine, Buddy's wife, came into the kitchen to get a drink and cold busted on the living room floor. I was leaning against the couch, sitting on the floor with my legs open, and Lonnie was in the middle bobbin for apples. She turned off the lights and went to the bedroom. She told Buddy, 'cause he came out and picked me up by my head. He smacked me clear across the couch. You gotta remember, we are in a trailer which is long and straight. Almost totally open. I landed and hit my head on the table I just stayed on the floor like I was dead or something. He picked up Lonnie and brought him into our bedroom where he took his ass.

Buddy was fuckin this nigga hard, 'cause I could hear him whimpering. They was in there for like 45 minutes, when Buddy came out, spit on me and went into his bed to sleep. I went in to comfort Lonnie, who was cryin. He reached out and punched me in the stomach. He fuckin' knocked the wind outa me. I just doubled up and fell asleep listening to him crying to himself.

Lonnie didn't talk to me for a few days. But yo, Buddy forgave me the next day. As soon as he came home from work he jumped in the shower and called me to wait in the bedroom. I never let Buddy or any other trick fuck me. He came out and asked me to get on my hands and knees. He buried his face into me and sucked what he thought he would get to fuck. I jumped as soon as he positioned himself behind me. Buddy chased me into the other bedroom and I jetted under the bed. He was calling me and stroking Lonnie at the same time. I crept from under the bed in like 10 minutes after it got quiet

and found him doin to Lonnie what he wanted from me. I stood over his face and let him do my head as he fucked my friend. Everything was back to normal.

The days flowed with little change except for the fact that me and Lonnie wasn't allowed to sleep together no more. Big fuckin deal, every day we was alone together from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. In that time, boy, we was rewritin the book, the Joy of Boy Sex. He was my secret. We were falling in love with each other.

When Buddy used to get drunk with his friends, he would make us have sex in front of everybody. That shit was bugged.

The days turned into months and I was missing my life on the streets. My tricks, my friends, even my old neighborhood which I used to visit at least once a week.

The straw that broke the camel's back, or my back I should say, was when I discovered Buddy's rifles and took two along with 100 rounds out to the junkyard. When we got there we was playin gangsters. Runnin around and blowing out car windows and lights. It was one of the best days of my life. I never played like this. It was dope! We finished up the bullets and went back to the trailer. We chilled and watched TV. It was a regular night.

Buddy woke me up and started smacking me in the head and face. It turns out that the windows and lights and all the shit we shot is shit that they be sellin off the cars. Buddy was beside himself. He beat me down and threw me out to the back lawn. That was it. If he wasn't takin me back I would be out regardless.

He left for work and I robbed his stash. I invited Lonnie with me, but he turned down my offer. Buddy had a total of 137 beans. I walked into town and copped a ticket for Trailways. Before I left I gave Lonnie my grandmother's address and number and an open invitation. We hugged, kissed and shed some tears.

The bus brings you right to the corner of 42nd and 8th. Times Square. Home. I went to Playland immediately and was approached by Carlo the change attendant.

"Where the fuck you been, Luis?"

I filled him in and he said Buddy had been still coming the whole time I was gone. What a dick! I fell back into my life of hustling in a matter of seconds.

I never saw Buddy no more. He probably was scared I would rat out on him. Lonnie did show up at my grandma's house, like a year later. I had to strain to remember him. He had been beat up and robbed on the Deuce. I let him stay, but this nigga was more of a mess than me. He left my grandma's on good terms and I showed him how he could rack up downtown until he had enough loot to get to Connecticut where his grandparents lived. He writes me like two times a year.

1992

EARLY TIMES

Ya know, I'm always quick to tell all these stories about this and that, but what I never tell about is my first-time experiences with an older kid. Ya see, in my stories it's always me with an adult or a kid younger than me.

The first time I ever had sex with an older boy was when I was six. I was living with my mother and father. My home life was a kid's dream. I was pampered and spoiled beyond belief.

This was two and a half years before my father got killed. We had just moved from a short stay in Santo Domingo. We was stayin in a crib on 192nd and St. Nick. Ave. I was the new kid on the block. In this neighborhood, everyone was the new kid at some time or another. 90% immigrants.

It wasn't long before my parents started letting me go out and play with the neighborhood kids. Two doors down from my apartment was an Irish/German family. They had two kids, one nine and one thirteen. The nine-year-old's name was Glen. He was a blond kid. Blond hair, blue eyes. A real pretty kid. I developed a crush on him in about 11 seconds.

Glen would ride me up and down the block daily. I would sit on the seat and he would fit his butt on the little knob left over... One day he stopped at a store and just reached back and grabbed my balls. He just stood there feelin me up and I let him feel my five-year-old dick with no complaints... He rushed me to the basement and took off all of my clothes. When he finished he began stripping himself. I sat down on a pile of old clothes with my legs to my chin and he kneeled in front of me pretending to hypnotize me. I followed along and responded quickly to all the bark-like-a-dog shit. After a few minutes of this he said, "Now walk like a dog." I did, not realizing he had me do it so he could watch my ass.

He had me on my hands and knees walking like a dog on the basement floor. He came behind me and put his nose to my butt, which caused me to jump. I walked back to the clothes where I laid down pretending to be asleep or in a trance or something.

He laid next to me and just rolled me on top of him. He lined my dick up with his and moved his hips around so we would be rubbin together. He reached around and started rubbin my butt cheeks. He was runnin his fingers

in the crack and he started dippin his fingers into my hole. I just laid there on top of him like I was sleepin and let him finger me.

We met like this every day. He got me to lick his dick while he put my whole shit in his mouth. I could only take his suckin for a few minutes before my dick got red and the skin got thicker. My head would be so sensitive, I woulda died if he continued. I used to play sleep while he would fuck my mouth.

One day we were in his apartment and I fell asleep. I was layin on his bed. Glen left the room and came back with Joey who was 13. Joey was naked, and one laid on each side of me. I woke up to them exploring my body. They spread my legs. I waited with my eyes shut to see what would happen next... Joey took my little hand and wrapped it around his dick which seemed like a fuckin log. It was like the same size as my baby brother's arm. He was jackin my hand back and forth. I said, "Fuckit!" and just lifted my head. This was my first day of "real" sex.

My English was limited, but sex is a universal language. I propped up on my elbows and started stuffin Joey's *guevo* into my mouth. Glen was behind me kissing and lickin my balls.

They switched. Joey got behind me and Glen moved up front. Joey spread my cheeks and began lickin and suckin on me. What he was doin was gettin everything nice and relaxed. Not to mention open, and slippery. He backed up and started strokin the length of my crack with his meat. I felt him pushin his knob into my hole. I just kept on suckin off his little brother who was layin in fronta me with his eyes closed. Thrustin into my mouth.

Joey pushed and I felt him goin in me. No pain, nuttin I didn't like the feeling when he pulled back, but when he pushed... hmmmmmm. It felt good in a strange way. He was buildin up speed and I was goin cross-eyed. He was suckin and bitin my shoulder... he pulled back so just his head was inside and I felt him throbbin in me... splashdown! I could feel him squirtin in me. He pulled out with a "pop" and rolled over on his back next to me, his eyes closed and a smile of bliss on his face — LUIS, I LOVE YOU!!!

By now I was mad confused. I got up to take a shit which I didn't even have to. I put my fingers in the slime drippin from me. What the fuck??? I hesitated but asked Joey what the fuck he put in me. He said, "Wait up like 10 minutes and I'll show you."

We started doin the same thing as before, but after like five minutes he climbed off me and laid down next to me. He asked me to grab hold and

pump... no question! I watched it squirt out in little drops.

This became my main interest for a little while — watchin this milky shit come outta my friend's dick. I went home and as small as I was, I knew my life was changed by this.

We continued this shit for the whole summer. About three months into the school year, Glen, Joey and their family moved to Florida. It was because Joey was havin an all-out affair with his teacher. Everyone knew. The teacher would pick him up, drop him off, and take him for the weekends. His father found out mad quick. I think he moved so as not to cause a scene.

One day like eight months later, I was arguin with my uncle. I just turned six like a week and a half ago, and he just turned 15 like four months before... "*Maldito tio, tu no puedes sacar leche mama guevo!*" which means something like, "Pervert uncle, you can't even throw milk, you dick-sucker!"

He turned red as fire and slapped me to the floor. He straddled my neck and pulled his dick outta the opening in his Jockey shorts. I had my mouth clamped shut as he was running his shit back and forth over my lips repeatin "*En la boca pa' ti*" — "In the mouth for you."

I got so mad and frustrated 'cause he was smooshin me that I did open up. I opened my mouth and bit that shit. He screamed and punched me in the head. He got up and went to the bathroom to check out his wound. I just laid cryin into my folded arms in my sleepin shorts. We'd only got up like 20 minutes ago... I don't even remember what caused the argument. I just laid there feelin sorry for myself.

He came back into the bedroom a few minutes later. He wasn't havin it. He had a bottle of handcream with him. I pretended to be sleepin when he ripped my shorts down to my ankles. He squirted this shit all over my butt. One hand over my mouth and the other guiding his shaft. He fucked me unconscious. I woke up in the same position, bleeding from my hole. Thank God he was not big—he had maybe five inches.

Like three days later... washday, and my mom sees my bloody underwear on the floor of the closet kinda tucked into a corner. She confronted me and I told her what happened. She hit me with an extra cable cord from the TV for the lies she claimed I created about her little brother. I still got marks from that fuckin beatin like nine years later.

He kept his distance — my uncle, that is. He didn't fuck me again until my father got killed two years later.

My father dead, my mother strung out and her brotha, my nightmare, became the man of the house. That was it. He ignored me fully during the day and made me his wife at night. He would slitha into bed or onto the floor (wherever there was room for me to sleep) and take my ass a few times a week.

It was then that I started running away. The fuckin funny shit is that I would run away from basically the same shit I was runnin to. The first time I left was when my mother gave me a \$20 bill and sent me to do the *compras*: milk, bread, eggs, *bacalo*, cigarettes. The only thing for me was that that \$20 bill was like \$2,000. I was eight and I was out. I took the #1 train from 191st and St. Nick down to 42nd. As I was exiting the station I spotted an arcade, and I wasn't even at street level yet. I changed my 20 spot and started bustin out the games. Like a half hour into my game of "Bubble Bobble" a man like 30ish came behind me. He was like hovering over me. Every time he asked me a question he put his hand on my shoulder. He said, "I have this same game for my home video system."

That's all I had to hear. "Yo! Take me to your house," I pleaded to his amazement.

"Yeah, sometime shortly, but not now. It's not ready yet, still under construction, ya know?"

He said his name was Wilson and that he had to leave for work. He gave me three one-dollar bills, held my hand and said that if I would be around here at like ten or ten-thirty at night he would meet me and take me to eat and the movies.

"No question!"

I walked him to work, which was on 43rd and 11th. We parted and I skipped back to the arcade. I was stupid happy with my new-found freedom and friendship.

Back at the arcade to spend Wilson's gift of three beans. Like ten or fifteen minutes later, an old Jamaican or Island Man of like 60 or something came up to me and started small talk. He said, "If ya wanna make money, boy, ya follow me, see?"

I was with it! Another boost! As I walked up the stairs to 40-deuce, he walked behind me like ten steps and kept directin me not to look back and just keep walkin. I was wonderin what the fuck, but he'd said something about \$15 in the arcade so I stayed shut and followed the commands.

"Make a left, walk to the corner..."

It wasn't until we came up to this fuckin huge building like 20 or 30 floors tall, when he stopped me and turned me around. I was kinda scared, but not enough to run or nothin.

“Come wit me, boy.”

I followed him into the building and he steered me into the freight elevator. As soon as the door shut it was presto/chango. He took a few steps closer and started feelin me up with both hands. Balls and ass at the same time. I was as hard as stone, 'cause, first off, this is the last shit I expect, and, second off, this nigga's old enough to be my grandfather or my grandfather's grandfather.

We went inside and into a room. He had a couch there that opened into a bed. He pulled up my shirt and started kissin my belly while he was rubbin my ass, balls, and my dick. He opened my pants and my meat sprang up to meet him. He was lickin my whole body. He kissed his way down my stomach to my dick. He took me into his mouth and was jerkin himself with his other hand.

He got off me and flipped me over. In the same motion, he shoved his greedy lips to my asshole where he licked, chewed and sucked me into heaven. He climbed over me and angled this huge Jamaican log into my slimy butt. I started wiggling around.

I was tellin him to stop, but he was insistin!

“Let me in, boy, I'm payin for this!”

Payin? I never really imagined it. As he was tryin to fuck me, I was clampin shut and squirmin like a tadpole under him. He dropped down a centimeter and pushed this log between my little legs with a glob of spit and leg-fucked me with his middle finger up deep into me. He cummed all over my balls, hole and butt, and just collapsed on top of me for a decade. He handed me a rag to wipe off.

He was still hard and called on round two!

He had me lay on top of him with my little ass pushed against his face, while I jerked him off, occasionally puttin his head in my mouth. I swear, when he was close he licked out my ass somethin lovely, B. He musta had the whole hot, soft, slimy, slippery thing into me up to my belly-button from the inside. When he cummed he gave me pants with \$10 and told me, “Leave, now, boy.” I jetted back to the safety of the arcade.

Wilson showed up when he said he would. “You hungry, Miguelito?”

“Hell yeah, B!” *Take me wherever!*

During our meal at K.F.C., he probed me with lotsa questions. I answered some and left some hangin. I didn't tell him shit about the Jamaican man, 'cause I didn't want him to think I was a *maricon*. I did tell him that my pops got killed and my moms is a drug addict, though.

After we ate he took me to the trains and we trekked out to Queens. He had a basement apartment in Hollis. He must've hated me, 'cause I played his Nintendo like most of the night — until at least four in the morning. He finally cut me off and was, like, “Miguel! Don't you ever sleep? C'mon to bed!”

I stripped to my undershorts and he did the same. We climbed into a little twin bed and I faced the wall to get ready to sleep. He rolled me over to him and rubbed my stomach which had an immediate effect on my dick. He was inching lower and lower and brushed lightly against the head of my dick. It clicked. I couldn't even control it. Clickin and red. He slipped down my underwear and wrapped his fingers around his intentions. Everyone always heads for my head... why?

I let him do what he wanted and was slowly driftin off to sleep... until he rolled me on my side. I knew what was cummmmin. I turned my head and said, “Wilson, please hug me, hug me while you do it.”

I let him put the Vaseline and I guided him into me. He was a black man, and he was big. I let him love me. He didn't rush in or rush out. He just knocked a few times and waltzed in. He screwed me so long I fell asleep.

He left me in bed sleeping and went to work..! woke up sore as hell. I just stayed in bed watching TV and playin video joints. He called to check up on me and said to hook myself up with some sandwiches, until he finally came home from work. I would hold him around his neck and he would pick me up by my naked ass. I was his little lover. The only problem was, I was trapped and it always seemed like I was waiting for him to come home from work. Also, I was missing my little brothers, so one day when he was at work, I just left to go home. I left just like that. No note, no nothin.

When I got home, my mom was like, “Nice of you to drop by, Luis.” She didn't hit me or nothin, which kinda made me feel fucked up. She didn't even ask where I'd been for three weeks.

Like the next night, I was dreamin I'm with Wilson and he's bonin me and shit, and I come to realize my uncle's pushin home! I wasn't havin that shit no more. I let him finish, which was like five minutes, and planned the ultimate. When my uncle came into the building the next day, I hit him with a

two-by-four in the head. “Homerun!” I knew I fucked him up bad, and I also knew that there was no way I could go home after this.

I went back downstairs and to Queens, knocked on Wilson’s door. I knew he would be at work, but I tried anyway.

A voice said, “Who is it?” and I knew it wasn’t Wilson’s. A kid I knew from Playland opens the curtains and window and says, “What the fuck are you doin here?”

And I repeat the question, probably out of shock, “What the fuck are you doin here?”

I just ran. I ran and ran, all the way to 47th and 12th. I went to the dock and that strip that jets out and cried. I wasn’t sure if I was cryin ’cause I was broken-hearted or cryin ’cause I realized I was alone, or what. Maybe it was a combination of shit. I must’ve cried for an hour before I just got up and started walkin. I walked for a lifetime. I ended up sleepin on a bench in the cemetery about eleven steps from my father’s grave.

SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY: “JOSE SIDEKICK”

Exactly one year ago this week I lost a love that seemed like yesterday. One year seems like a day. I can still smell his hair. I can still see his beautiful smile.

I met him in Station Break Video Arcade in Penn Station... I know all you people are, like, C'mon, Luis, how many lovers did you have? I know half you motherfuckers don't believe I'm real anyway, soooo fuck youuuuusssss.

Anyway, your question should have been stated, How many lovers did you lose, Luis? I got this natural gift to throw away anything that is good for me, be it advice, friends, anything, you name it. I can take the perfect relationship and turn it to shit in record time! Word! You know that fuckin story they used to say about a king who everything he touched turned to gold? Well, most of the time everything I touch turns to shit. Sometimes I'm a walking jinx, a menace to society, a fuckin catastrophe. Luis the happy home wrecker. Anyway, you get the picture.

I met Jose “Sidekick” on a Saturday. He was watching me play a game for more than half an hour when I felt his hand brushing against *mi nalgas*. I inched back a little to his hand to let him know I knew what he was up to. I put \$1.00 into the machine and proceeded to play. Yo, I know you niggas be, like, Damn this kid be fallin for everyone but, yo, this kid was a knockout. About 11 years old. I never seen him there before so this is some new shit to him. He is a white-skinned Puerto Rican, Dominican mix. He got this shaggy hair and plumpy butttttt. Yo, I can't help it! I may be with a lot of men, but I also fuckin love boys two years younger than me. He was what I was lookin for and what I needed. A young friend who I can break in or break out...

After our game, I did what needed to be done: “Are you hungry? How about McDildos?”

Sure, he was with it 200%. We ate and exchanged some small talk. He saw my beeper and when I pulled out some weed and started to open a Philly at our booth, he was all questions. “You sell?” he asks me in Spanish. And I was, like, Just what you see, Holmes. Just to friends.

We walked from 34th Street to 48th, cruising by three arcades, kickin blunts and buggin out. I was showin him the sights 'cause he never went past 34th. He was from Bed-Stuy. His mother's a crack head and her boyfriend is on Jose's back. Literally. A fresh Brooklyn boy.

After we had enough of the Deuce, Jose asked me if he could come uptown with me. He didn't really believe we lived alone like 90% of the time. We is me and Miguel. The other 10% of the time, it's just my uncle there who don't really give a fuck what we do. We been runnin shit since my grandmother died. I keep the place spotless and Miguel takes out the garbage and does the dishes.

On the train ride, I filled Jose in on all this and more. By the time we reached my stop we were holding hands. To my friends and Miguel, Jose was my cousin whose mother threw him out. Now he's with us. Miguel's first jealous question to me is, "How long's he stayin?"

And Jose replied, "forever!"

See, me and Miguel's been together for years, but we been havin some personal problems between us. He's only 12, but he's been with me since he was 10. A million years ago.

The first two days me and Jose spent gettin to know each other. We wasn't sleepin together or shit and he was stupid shy. He slept on the couch in the living room and me and Miguel slept in the bedroom. It was strange to me... word. Stupid strange. But all that changed on day number three. I said, "Yo, Jose, it's time to take a bath." He went into the bathroom all shy and shit. I went in in about three minutes to check on him, and he just, like, peered out the corner of the curtain. Hiding his body. I said, "Jose, if you want to stay with me, you gotta show me your body. You can't be shy." He showed me, and I just sat there on the toilet seat watching him bathe. I broke the ice.

That night we were sittin on the couch leg to leg. Miguel went to sleep early 'cause he was sick. I was in shorts and that's it. Jose was in these jeans with a hole near the crotch and that's all for him. I was kickin my usual blunt, alone, though. We was watchin *Midnight Blue*, a Monday night gay show on New York City Cable where they be reviewin porno flicks and showin Mardi Gras shit and other gay shit. Even though we haven't been at all physically close since he came, any fool could see both our dicks was hard as shit under our clothes.

Jose just looked into my face and smiled. I looked at his dick and he was doin that thing when you squeeze your ass and make your dick jump up and down. I just got up, pulled down my shorts and pushed my dick head into that hole in his pants. I pulled it out and straddled his lap as I started to open his jeans. He was dumb hard. Small but hard. About four inches, maybe, but kinda wedged... interesting. Nice plump balls.

I got between his legs and started to suck him off like a pro. I was feelin his stomach with one hand and jerkin off with the other. It was the first nut he ever busted. I got a drop of tasty life... I was jerkin off with the speed of Speedy Gonzales. I know this shit is turning into a bathtub novel, but, yo, I like to tell it like it is, or was, anyway! In almost three years of busting my nuts daily, I never busted like this in my life. Never. I busted with such force I can't explain it. It hit me stupid hard, I mean stupid hard. Right in my eye. I guess 'cause I wanted his dick in my mouth so bad since McDildos or the arcade. Wouldn't you know this, I'm still in a stupor with cum on my eye and neck and I see Miguel in my face. He just came out of the bedroom... busted!

He didn't really say shit. He shook his head and walked back in the bedroom. From that night on we all slept together on the "raft". That is these planks of wood that this man gave me. It was from a king-size platform bed. He built it with his friend and they concluded that they had all the slats going the wrong direction. The shit was stupid dumb uncomfortable. The shit is, it was huge and could sleep at least 6 of us. We had this shit on the floor with a stack of old blankets as a mattress. This kid from the 5th floor who used to hang out in my house all the time is the one that dubbed it "the raft." He was mad blasted one day and he was, like, "I bet if we had a mad flood, they would spot us ridin down Amsterdam Avenue troopin out to the weed spot, the whole blunt posse on the raft." After a couple of blunts of some high-powered chocolate Thai, you could picture the whole shit, and if you seen the raft, you'd be cryin right now.

Sidekick was a different person after that night. We passed out in minutes and trooped to the bathroom together first thing in the morning. Pushing 7:30 a.m. and pushing for the sky. We criss-cross piss in tradition and Jose went over to turn on the water for the bath. This scene turned me on. Jose had a definite ass. Definitely round, definitely smooth, definitely edible, definitely hairless, a definite treat for both me and my meat.

The water's on. I get in first. He sits with his back against my belly, sitting between my legs on the tub floor. Jose turned to me and smiled and we

kiss as deep as we can. I, as usual, reach for a handful of ass. Jose bends over to put the drain up and I bury my face between his cheeks. Shit, Jose jumped so high I thought he got shocked or some shit. Truth is, he was shocked! He never had nada in his butt. But Charmin. Stupid ticklish and sensitive. I convince him it's something I need to do, so he goes on all fours and I examine him to the fullest. Lick, feel, smell, taste, poke, rub and stare. He got a perfectly perfect ass. I grabbed my dick and jerked off during my routine inspection. We soaped up and washed off and Little Sidekick never seemed to want to get dressed again. I gave him these nylon gym shorts I got in burgundy, and this was all he wore, unless we were going outside.

Me and Jose really became good lovers. He was my little wife. I would go out and turn tricks so we can live it up, and he would clean the house and make dinner. Usually hot dogs, or eggs. His only two specialties. I would come home to a hug and a kiss, and he and Miguel would be Nintendoized.

Miguel grew to hate Sidekick as much as I loved him. As a matter of fact, when I asked Miguel what he wanted for his birthday, he said for Jose to leave. That would be his present. He said Sidekick was driving him nuts. Imitating him and doing everything he would do. I couldn't see it, but everyone insisted he got this evil smile. I just couldn't see it.

To me he was an angel. An answer to a prayer. A true new love to a life of pain and misery. He was my constant company. Jose was the biggest thing in my life. But my life was like a cycle of ups and downs. Mostly downs. Mostly letdowns, I should say. Needless to say, as always, to continue my saga of depression.

I'm sure all of you can fill in the blanks... All good things come to an end, fortunately not like this or the suicide rate would be dumb large. But, yo, I'll get more into that in a few. I just want to fill you in on some of the highlights of our time together... off to flashback time...

To start, once I got Jose going, there was no stoppin him. It was barely no time at all when we started gettin into three- or four- or five-ways. Me and him and Miguel used to be up all night... all six of us! Get it? Jose would be suckin me off, layin between my open legs on all fours, and Miguel would be behind suckin his ass for the fuckin. Yo, we went wild. We would start in the shower and end in the shower. Gettin high, eatin and sexin. I couldn't even sleep through the night with that butt layin next to me only a sniff and lick away.

Jose was like strung out on sex. If we would argue about something stupid he would be, like, yankin down my shorts and lockin his lips on my shit... he was a suckaholic. Not to mention his other illnesses, like fuckaholic and cumaholic or, as I used to call him, a cum junkie.

You know, what started fuckin shit up with us is that he started to bug out when it was time for me to go to work. He just didn't want anyone else to get my milk, and it was like a week that my money would last us and then it was Playland for the next two days or so. I think Jose started missin his motha or something, 'cause I went out to turn tricks on a Friday night and I came home and he was just gone.

Miguel let him leave, he didn't say shit. He left with his original backpack, all the clothes I bought for him and like \$300 beans and some change. My money. Our money. I couldn't believe it. I came home from downtown and I was, like, Where's Jose? And Miguel was, like, He left.

"He left?" I said. "What the fuck? How'd you let him leave?"

I was hysterical. I grabbed my friend Juan who had a car and I was, like, Juan, you gotta help me find my cousin — he left. We jumped in his boat and rolled down to all the arcades, but Jose is no dummy. He probably went to his mom's and gave her the cash to protect his ass. She was like a pig in shit, probably. And her boyfriend... hmmm. Jose probably had that nigga jumpin through hoops, if you catch my drift.

I never stopped lookin for this nigga. I send him letters every now and then and cruise all the arcades for that nigga, but not a clue. I used to wait outside his school, wait by his mother's house... Another great unsolved American mystery. Yo, maybe I should start writing mystery novels, right?

(On a positive note, it's not like my whole life sucks. I've been with the same lover for the past year now. He's my heart, and my life. Like, a year and a half younger than me, and the most beautiful and dedicated lover I would ever want. Romantic, ain't it...?)

KINDA HEAVY

Dear NAMBLA friends,

It's Luis Miguelito. I'm writing for a few different reasons. First off, I know I came down kinda heavy on the *Bulletin*. I wanted to say to Bill that the *Bulletin* looked and read good the last time. I like it. Also, there are rumors that Kevin Esser is dead. That is not true. I spoke to him today and saw him only a few weeks ago. He is alive and well. He has a story in the next *Acolyte Reader* coming around Christmas.

I was kinda scared when I saw the last few Bulletins, and there is a couple of letters that are supposed to be from kids, but they seem real fake to me. Me and Kevin read them shits and laughed at how stupid they are. They are sooo fake. I have a few more stories coming out and am busy on my book. By the way, I got some letters forwarded from the guys at NAMBLA. They were fan letters from people who feel for me or lived a similar life. I wanted to respond personally to all of you letter writers, but NAMBLA don't forward your addresses, only the letters (kinda frustrating!). I thank you again for the concern and love, and wish I could respond directly, but I can't. I'm sorry. I had a few of my uncles get killed lately, so I been real busy. I also been going to the pool and to the beaches a lot this summer.

Anyway, NAMBLA. So you don't call to see if I'm alive.

That's okay. I am, and will continue to support you cause that's just how it is.

Until next time... thanks and a special hello to Kevin and Chuck Dodson for sending me that shit. Also hello to Hakim Bey.

October 1992

SUBURAN ADVENTURE

Well *Bulletin* readers, Miguelito is back in town, and I'm stayin for a while. I did a lot of workin and travelin around this summer. I may not be able to make money hustling the way I have for the past eight years. It's maybe my last year. I'm gettin older every day.

Anyway, I have been spendin a lot of time in the suburbs with my uncle and some brothers and cousins, cause there was a death in my family. I seem to have a lot of that goin on lately in the city!!

A few years ago, when I was 12, I used to spend my time in the suburbs cause I was livin with the same Uncle Hector who died. I used to spend summers there and other times. This is really country to me, but to a lot of you readers, this is probably like your home town or village or whatever the fuck it's called. There, mostly every kid is white, only a few blacks and a few Spanish. This story is about an Italian kid who lived about five doors away, at the end of the block. The kid's name was Luigi. I remember his last name, but I don't think I'm gonna put it down cause I didn't ask him for permission. It was a long Italian name with G's and Z's and shit.

He was two years older than me. A real good lookin kid. Fuckin dope man, too. Real dope. I used to want to blow him from the moment I laid my horny eyes on him. He had fair skin, and brown hair feathered back. He always used to wear pants that looked as they were painted on!! You could see the exact curve of his cheeks and the exact length and shit of his dick.

The day I first noticed him, he was on the county bus. I was comin back from the state building with my aunt. Luigi was sittin in the seat in front of us. In front of his seat were his big sister and her baby. Luigi got up and leaned over the seat to look at and play with his nephew, and his ass was stretched in tooooooo tight pants. It was so round and perfect, and I had my eyes glued to it in 1/2 a second. My dick was as hard as the iron walls of the bus and pointin to the side. My aunt noticed me peeled to his ass and saw a little banana in my pants tryin to get out. She bit her bottom lip and gave me a little smile.

The next day, I rode my cousin's bike to the 7-11 for some candy. I saw Luigi peeled to the pinball machine. I left the candy as fast as I seen him and

walked right up behind him, gently brushin my hand against his ass. Just my knuckles... like an accident. What I was doin was feelin him up, as light as a feather. He turned around fast, which scared me. Then he gave me a smile which left me smilin back into fine blue eyes. He turned and kept on playin. So I did it again, only a little harder. Without takin his eyes from the game, he said, "Ya new around here, right?"

I said, "I'm visitin my uncle. I live in the city."

"My name's Luigi. What's yours?"

"Luis. Ya got an extra quarter?" He put three credits in and we played: him bein player #1 and #3 and me bein #2. When I got into position to play, he got behind me. He took a holda my left cheek, and with his right hand he stuck his fingers into my shorts and rubbed my hole, balls and crack. I had a tent pole in front of my shorts... Without turnin, I closed my eyes and said, "Let's go somewhere." We practically ran out. We went to my cousin's house where I knew if we were quiet and stayed outside, we wouldn't have any problems and no one would bother us. It started to rain, so we went to the garage. This was the first time we ever got together. We smoked two joints on the side of the garage and Luigi stuck his hand down the back of my shorts and said, "You know you want it, Luis." To his shock, I said, "Ya damn right I do!" We went to the garage where we found an old reclining chair. Hmmm. Couldn't be a better place. We climbed in it and opened his pants. I grabbed his dick which was swellin and jumpin to his beat. It was a nice size and kinda fat. He slipped down my shorts, which left me naked. He was fingerin and palmin my ass, while I was jerkin him off. He said, "Suck it," but I didn't. I wanted to, but it would be a little too risky. If my cousins or my aunt see me jerkin him off, that is one thing. But if they see me on my knees kneelin to him... it would be official!

He cummed all over his belly with his middle finger all the way up my ass. He didn't think I could cum, but I could, and I did. Just by bein so aroused. He gave me his number and said to call him when I was wantin to hang out next. I called him a lot for the next few days, but used to hang up when I heard his parents pick up and say "Hello." I don't got too much parent-type experience. In other words, I don't relate to parents toooo weellll. One day, I called and left a message with his brother. Later on that evening, just as it was gettin dark, Luigi came ridin past my house on his skateboard. Luckily, I was outside, and no one was home in my house! YES! We ran to the back yard which was protected by plenty of trees. Privacy! We stripped

naked and laid in the plush lawn. We assumed 69, like it was the most natural thing in the world. Maybe it is? Fuck it — it is!! I got on top and slid his dick straight down my throat all the way to his tiny bush. He was workin on my head and shit, more than anything. He propped up and slid his face deep into my butt. HHHHMMMMM! As he dove his beautiful tongue in my hole, I could feel his dick startin to twitch and shit; and, by that time, my hole was dyin for a shaft. He pumped a load of walnut juice down my hungry mouth...

As fast as he busted, he was pullin up his pants and left, sayin somethin about bein late and shit. I tried not to move my tongue or swallow. I was tryin to keep his nut juice on my tongue as I worked like a lunatic on my own red dick which was so hot it was itchin. My drops came, and swallowed a mouthful of mostly saliva. I called Luigi the next day. He said, "Come after 4:30 — my family is goin out." When I got there, he was naked except for a long tee shirt. He said to follow him upstairs, which I did with a fiend's view of his butt. When I got to his room, he was already dippin his fingers into Vaseline. He spread it all over his ass, and I'm hardening up, thinkin he over extendin himself to my dick. Next thing, he pulls a seven-inch vibrator outta beneath the pillow. He got on all fours and shoved this thing to the hilt. He turned the switch on the thing which was buzzin away, and he asked me to climb under him and fuck his mouth as he sucks me off. My eyes were closed, and I was really into it when he slid out the dildo and asked me to bone him. No question; but no condom either. That's how I used to fuck for the first five or six years, which is why I'm fucked up now and shit. Anyway, I cummed deep into him and he flooded the pillow with his own milk. Luigi! Luigi! Luigi!

We was gettin busy like this at least four times a week for the next four months. Everything was perfect between us until I slept over his house one night. See, Luigi's father is a photographer and from the moment I stepped in the house, I could feel his eyes all over me. Well, after Luigi fell asleep, his pops walks into the room and woke me. He asked me if I could do him a favor which would earn me \$100. Well, I said, if he was goin to fuck me, which he wanted to, he could not get on top cause he is about 300 pounds. He fucked me in every position but one. Well, I was on top, but who cares anyway? He took remote photos for the whole session, and that was that. He asked if I fuck Luigi and if he is good bone. We talked for a while; then I went to bed.

At about five in the morning, I felt my underwear gettin pulled down gently. Here we go again. I thought I was home, but I wasn't. I was in Luigi's house and about to get a free-of-charge ass-fuckin? No way, Jose! As soon as the Vaseline hit my ass, I jumped. I hit the bed, when his father slapped some quietness to me. I let him carry me outta the bedroom into the hall and carry me to the couch naked as the day I was born. He wanted me to blow him, and I was half asleep. I wasn't into it, so I put on the fake tears. Within a second, he was blowin me.

He licked down to my butt, which is my favorite. He laid on his back and asked me to sit on his face. He ate me like a turkey dinner, bro, and I was definitely the main course. He licked me open. My dick was a stone and drippin pre-cum everywhere. Without him askin, I got up and sat on his dick. It went in fully, and I gave him the treat of his life. I rode the horsey for about 15 minutes when he flipped me over with his hand under my belly and fucked and fucked and cummed and cummed and cummed. He splashed all over my back and cheeks and stuff. He left me to sleep on the couch and ran back to his stinkin wife. In the morning, he kissed me with his tongue and shelled out two 100 dollar bills and a 50, too. He was nibblin on my earlobe when he said, "I love you, Luis; and I want to be with you forever..."

"Yeah sure!" I said in my mind.

What fucked up everything was when my aunt found a dozen pictures that he took and gave me. My aunt knows them all from church. She flipped and raised royal hell. Luigi and his family moved in a matter of weeks. About two months later, I got a letter from Luigi and his father at my uncle's house in New York City. They gave me dates they was cummin and how to make plans. They were only able to stay the night cause they was passin through. We stayed in a motel and we had a marathon for about 12 hours: sleepin, sex, sleepin, smokin, drinkin, sex... I brought my little cousin with me cause he was a lot like me. We had a blast. But as my life goes now, they disappeared then and forever. I was woke up by the maid at 11 am for check-out and was alone.

All alone.

My cousin left a note saying that he went with them and will be back in a few weeks, to tell his grandmother not to worry. I cried and cried for my whole walk back home. I walked over the bridge on the street near where I live, dreamin about jumpin off various roofs I passed.

Or maybe dodgin in front of a bus. That would be good, too...

Same shit, different day!!

I didn't see my cousin again until this year! And I didn't speak to Luigi again until last month. Now he wants to get together after three years, and I probably will go see him. So insatiable.

Love, Luis (A.K.A. Miguelito)

October 1992

DIARY OF A DIRTY BOY, INTRO

It's hard to explain the feeling I live with. I tell Kev it's a guava or a papaya pit lodged somewhere in my fuckin stomach. Yo, it's not there all the time, just like every day or so. I've had it for so long that it seems normal, even though I know its not. Yo, I'm mad blasted so don't mind me if I don't make any sense... it's just that everything gets so gray. Word! Stupid gray! Even on the nicest days when the sun is kickin in full effect! GRAY! I just can't deal with shit. It turns my stomach to hear other kids laughing and playing outside my window. I don't know if I'm just feeling sorry for myself or what? I got the stupid fucked up gyp on life. Ya know, ripped off! Robbed of any normal shit. Bounced from hotel to hotel and lap to lap. Sometimes I used to crash at my mom's, before her heart blew up. Was it last year? Or the year before? I was 13. I don't think we slept under the same roof more than 60 times since I was 8... but I'll tell ya this, I did spend thousands of nights wrapped around a stranger. I wasn't on no death shit then. Just dyin for life and love. Starved so to speak.

I remember how dope everything was before my father got shot. Stupid dope. My pops was clockin with a capital K! Stupid large. *Manteca y perico*, nothing but keys. Kilos that is! Seven kids all hooked up dope. Stupid fresh crib, clothes, mad food and toys. Fantasy family until...

DIARY OF A DIRTY BOY, PART ONE

By eight I could tell when it was 4:00 am without opening my eyes. Word! That's when I stayed at ma' house. Usually I was wrapped around a stranger... you know how that is!? Right? Anyway back to my mother. Yo, I could tell the time by my mother's hand diggin in my pockets to see if I clocked. That's my clock! See at 3:00 am the spot closes and she got this stupid dumb monkey fiendin' for "one more hit." Yo, I smoked crack before, it ain't all that. As a matter of fact it's wack. Shit don't even leave you satisfied. With mama it's like a game we play, she sneaks in and searches, and I pretend like I don't know. Truth is I stash like 90% and put the other in my pockets or sock for the crack fairy. Fuckin' stupid crack head bitch... like I don't notice shit. Didn't I should say. Her heart stopped somewhere around forty deuce last May. Shit! I been in and out of her life since I was 7 so it really didn't mean jack to me anyway. For real, everything changed when my father caught 11 to his upper body and I caught one to the ribcage. Before my eyes in our *sala* in mid-afternoon, a professional hit and ain't no one seen shit!

It was a regular Saturday afternoon. I was seven and the oldest of six kids with one in the oven. My moms and the rest of the posse were in the Bronx at my grandmother's house. Me and my father were always stupid dumb close. Ya know being I was named after him and shit, and his first boy. He was into big shit. We left the Dominican Republic when I was 5 for this big business shit between him and his brothers. Cocaine at \$6.00 a gram in our village or less and selling for \$100.00 a gram to the right customers and clock non stop. Which they did until they got greedy and started selling heroin. They had uptown sewn up. But yo, he got a little too greedy and shorted a customer big time. Next thing you know, we're chillin like any other day and a stupid dumb loud knock arrives to our door. I'm like layin in his arms cuddlin on the couch and he goes white. He threw me to the floor and threw the blanket on me just covering most of my middle as he jetted for his toolie. He got the dumb arsenal, but keeps a government issue 45 under a seat cushion not 10 feet from him. The door kicks open at the same moment bullets are throwing everywhere. I cover my eyes trying to shake the monster but this shit is for

real. I got hit in the chest but don't feel shit, just wet. My pop's blood fuckin everywhere, they did this nigga good bro. I woke up in the hospital where I stayed for 8 days and came out to a new life. Word! From the lap of luxury to my lap for survival.

My mother started the whole shit off with a binge that lasted like 6 years until she died. She wiped out my father's stash of dollars y *drogas*. This bitch went buck wild. We moved about 15 blocks from the scene of the crime. My uncle wasted no time and probably started sexin his brother's wife in the funeral parlor. Actually I caught them in bed stupid times before he was murdered, but she always gave me something to shut up. Well Tio Miguel got us a two bedroom crib on 187th and Audobon. This shit was nice, but in a few months it looked like downtown Beirut. Stupid fuckin kids and no one in school. What a fuckin mess. My mother pregnant from my uncle, she smokes crack in the house with stupid strangers. She hasn't cooked shit but base for months. The bitch is lost. Turnin trix in her bedroom so she can cop. My uncle starts on me and he just shuts her up with a rock. This nigga be tryin to force me and shit, but I ain't havin it, so he starts comin in when I'm sleepin to get a head start. This nigga is stupid determined. Her own brother beddin it up on the force tip with her son. Yo, I gave that nigga a 2x4 to the head he'll never forget.

By the time she gives birth to a drug addicted baby, I'm makin \$50.00 or \$60.00 a week lettin men feel me up downtown. See, everybody always warns ya about Playland and all the nasty men and the things they like to do to little boys. I was like fuck it! This shit sounds dope! I just ended up there one day and the shit was easy like Sunday morning. Needless to say, I ain't home when Bureau of Child Welfare comes knockin the place in and rips off my little baby brothers and sisters. While they was gettin dragged downtown I was downtown gettin dragged. Word! I came home all happy with 50 beans in my pocket, and this old bitch in my building was like, "Luis, don't go upstairs, the police have taken everyone." I must've looked lost to this *bruja*! I just kinda walked outta her house in a daze and wandered back to the deuce.

I'll tell ya, it didn't take long for the deuce to become my home. Playland to be exact. The change attendants became my parents and the other kids became my brothers. Endless men became both my friends and enemies. Finding a place to sleep wasn't a problem most of the time. Usually I would spend a beautiful night's sleep in one of the hotels in the area specializing in outcasts. A trick would pay for a room, do his shit and then break out as fast

as he broke in! I guess these fuckin assholes felt guilty that they spent 15 minutes laying with me when they got 3 kids at home around my age and a stinkin wife to fuck at his crib.

These guys would hug and pet me for chump change to them and what seemed like millions to me. If I was lucky they would pass out and I would check their pockets and be out. See, there's a lot of shit I wouldn't do, and this would get them strung out. Seeing a naked 8 year old willing to be seen and barely touched used to drive them nuts. I used to let them feel on me, smell or lick me, but I wouldn't touch them for \$100 beans!

The nights I didn't stay at a hotel, I would pay entrance to the Chinese flix which run for 24 hours and call that home. They always had the air conditioner pumped on full, and if I was lucky I could score inside for a quick 10 spot. I stopped staying there after a series of problems which drove me out, First off, I woke up once to being ripped off. This wino was going through my shit and did the vick on me. Jerked me for my sneakers and all my cash. \$17.00. The last time I stayed, I woke up to this fuckin creep who managed to get my shorts down. I never wore underwear, just plain old gym shorts. This bold muther fucker had my shorts down to my knees and his face was buried between my cheeks. His tongue is what woke me up. Either that or his beard stubble scratching my ass... I jumped 10 feet, and this sicko was runnin' pullin up his pants at the same time. This shit must've looked stupid funny to anyone in the theater that noticed. That's when the trains became my crib.

Yo, it's not like I didn't ever spend the night in a trix house, or at *mi abuelas o primos*. Ya gotta figure with twenty someodd aunts and uncles some of them would look out sometimes. Word! But yo, my reputation had everyone leery of me. Word, like I was gonna drip something on their beds, or walk off with the TV. People are fuckin nuts, I swear!

My true to heart family became Carlos, Frankie, Adam, Hannibal, Jose, Rico... and all the other hustlers. We looked out for each other. Time was flying by. I hadn't been in school since 1st grade. On the deuce, you always had to be worried about gettin popped. Word! Either the police, social services or the truant patrol. We was constantly alert.

Fuckin Playland! The shit is wild. It had us in a spell... well I can only speak for myself. I would roll up first thing on a summer morning with a dookey bag of weed. I love smokin. I been a pot head since day one. Anyone who knows me would tell you it's true. I smoke from the time I get up until I

pass out. I'm talkin eight! Word! Eight years old and smokin an adult under the table. I would get to my work, and puff a fat one at the taxi stand. I'm talkin Playland between 47th and 48th. They closed that shit last year, but I'll get into that later. With the maximum buzz, I would start working. In skimpy gym shorts, kicks and a BVD. I was good to go! It would take less than 5 minutes to make my first score. I would go up to a man playin Pac-Man and beg a quarter. If he delivered, he was a trick. That was my working theory. The next step was I would play the quarter. As soon as the nigga was done playin, he would be all into my game! Watchin me and rootin for me. Then he pops the big one. "You hungry kid?" Stupid question! My ribs were poppin out and shit. I was starvin. Starvin for love, money, food, sex, affection... fuckin anything Holmes! A-N-Y-T-H-I-N-G! I would be like, "Definitely" and now it's my pick of one of the hundred fast food type joints in the 40 deuce area. P-A-Y-D-A-Y! Off to Popeye's where I get a chance to order a extra large onion rings and some spicy chicken and shit! Stuffed! A STUFFED CHICKEN! As we eat we exchange names. I make it a habit to never give my real jammy to him cause he might be a fed or something. So he be like, "So Miguel, what do you like to do?" And I fuck with his mind and be like, "Swim, fish, play baseball..." Then the nigga turns red when I grab his shit under the table with my foot. We end up at a movie where he pulls my shorts down and plays with my shit as he jerks off, busts a nut in record time, hands me a 10 spot and runs outta there faster than he busts! What a life?!?!

Life on the deuce was anything but boring. For one thing I had met the largest spectrum of people. Most of them needed me in their own way as I needed them in mine. I was a happy type kid despite my fuckin' garbage breaks. I had juice on the deuce. In other words, I could go to KFC, Nathan's, Roy Roger's or Pizza Hut and get a huge take out package for free. Just a smile and wink and I had the workers slippin me shit on the sneak tip. Pushin nine years old and takin care of myself 200%. It only took a few minutes to discover that my smile, some half interested questions and absolute quickness in holding a hand or grabbin an arm was a key to friendship. The ladies behind the counters would be like, "*Como estas Luis?* Are you being good?" And I would be like sure, sure, sure, I'm just waitin for my uncle. I never led a clue to the fact that I was completely alone, or that my endless "Uncles" were mere strangers not 15 minutes before, aside from my regulars.

One day I was workin in this little arcade which was one of the most active in the city, below 42nd and 8th. It was a subway entrance which led into the Port Authority. The Port was a hangout for the older kids 14 and up. The dope thing was they had these stupid active men's rooms where you could go into a stall and clock on the fast-type tip. No paranoid hotel trips and shit. I was with Don. He was a friend who lived in the Martinique Hotel. His mother was gone and his father was a transvestite, so Don was even more fucked up than me. He was a good lookin dark-skinned kid, but he would go with anyone. No discretion. Don was mad fucked up. He used to get fucked by anyone for \$15.00. So he had all the dirty mother fuckers as his clients and I was like the opposite. I would turn down half of the johns and the ones I went with had to look dope or special. To top it off, my ass was definitely off limits.

I would watch Don come and go 30 times in a day. He was a year older than me, and used to take his cash and blow it on the flix or come back from gettin boned with 2 large Popeye's onion rings for his Latino sidekick... me! Anyway, we was workin this one day when I went with a trick to the men's room to show him my shit and I spot my mother across the floor by the escalators. I let go of this nigga's hand and bum rushed the bitch who barely recognizes me. I was cryin and makin this scene and she was like brushin me off... "*Lucito, aye diablo Lucito, que tu haces aqui loco?*" In other words, Luis, what the fuck are you doing here.

We left together with the quickness. I took her to Frosty's for some food and talk.

Turns out she spends stupid time on the strip as well. A few of my brothers are stayin at my grandmother's in Harlem, so not all is lost. She said she had heard rumors that I was in lock-up so she never bothered to see what really became of me. She is livin in the Hotel Holland 42nd between 8th and 9th. I couldn't ask for a more convenient location so I didn't hesitate to answer when she asked me to join her home!

The hotel was a welfare joint housing 200 different degenerates. Word, it was like a hooker, junkie convention. Don's father who was mother too, had a shed in the back of the hotel, in the parking lot where they used to sleep and fuck when they got booted from the Martinique. What a scene that was. Yo, the second time I hit the paper was when my mother had arranged for me to be "rented" for 40 beans by two of her friends from Harlem. What they didn't know was that the johns were really two dicks. They busted the men on the

spot and I was out like fuckin' lightning. WORD! You ever seen Speedy Gonzalez when he jets, boyee, my legs were movin faster than my body. OUT! They never caught me, but they popped my mom. These kids was squealin like pigs. As a matter of fact, I still got the article from the paper. They let mom out in three days, cause without me, there was no evidence. Fuckin smart dicks right? I was out!

By the time she came out, I hooked up with Malcolm, this man that lived in the area. He used to let me stay whenever I wanted, but I had to spend all my time naked. He never did shit but hug me, so I used to go until I got sick of it. We used to lay in his couch bed all day smokin weed, that's all this nigga liked to do. Lay around smokin weed and lookin at TV. He used to make me pose for him too. That shit used to bug me out cause I would be blasted, and he used to ask me to do these stupid poses with one leg up and shit. That's the shit that used to have me outtie.

I knew that all I had to do was check the Port and I would find my mother. If not, just ask the dealers, they always knew when she was around. Bitch owed the world money. I got so used to payin her debts just to be able to chill that people thought I was coppin. Imagine that, me coppin cracks or heroin... Here I am 10 years old and my mother is like my daughter. *Fucked up!*

Like 7 welfare hotels later and the bitch can't help herself. Every fuckin dime goes to crack, crack, crack! It's like all there is to her! We don't count. She be spendin her welfare check on the shit, then I gotta turn extra tricks just so we don't get booted. Come the end of the month I just count ahead and get bizzzy! Shit I only be spendin like 2 or 3 days a week sleepin there. When finally welfare catches onto her ass cause once again no one's in school. That's how they always bag the drug problem families. They throw her off the budget and we move to my cousin's basement in Queens. My mother, me, my brother Juan, Joey, Eddie, Carlito, and my sister Denise. Who the fuck knows where Delvan or David lives... All of us with a one bedroom small piece of shit cramped up jammy underneath my cousin and his wife. It only takes like 2 weeks before my mother starts disappearing again. Manhattan bound! When my cousin finds out he calls my grandmother and she picks up all the kids but me cause I was hidin in the boiler room! F R E E again.

I started hangin out in the airport in Queens cause now my cousin is lettin me stay in the basement with my friend Carlo as long as he can come down at least once a week for a bed bout. It seem like all these Spanish men be

fiendin to suck it and shit. Ramon is like 30 or 32. He's cool. He be givin us the big bags of weed. It's like every night we be puffin. Me, him, his wife and Carlo. Carlo is this Puerto Rican kid that fell in love with me on the deuce. He's like a year and a half younger than me. His mom threw him out when she found out he was suckin off her live-in boyfriend. I met him in Playland. He used to work on the deuce sellin teddy bears and shit to the weekend lovebirds that cruise the deuce for thrills. I remember the first day I saw him, I just bugged. He looked like a little god! Word! Long curly black hair down to his shoulders. He was wearin jeans and he had his shirt open. He was standin on 42nd lookin at a movie marquee. Next thing I'm in Playland playin Top Speed when I look next to me and it's Carlo. He was just standin there watchin me play and all into my game. If I was high like always, I would play that shit till the end and get my name up first. I gave Carlo a quarter cause he asked, and he played. We walked out and talked. He was like 9 1/2. He was lyin to me. Sayin he lived in a house on 32nd street. I was like, Yo, their ain't no houses in midtown. He was like... A HOUSE, and he proceeded to draw it. He started comin over, and the next thing, he don't want to leave. My cousin took a likin to him and has been slippin him fives and tens to slip it in! Fuckin dog! Doggy style I bet too! At least he don't be beggin to slob on me no more!

One day me and Carlo are wrapped around each other and it's like five or six in the mornin and my mother comes in with this man I met at the airport. Skip! I wake up to her pounding and felt like poundin her, but it's like the dopest shit she did in years cause we only got like 60 cents left, and Skip is loaded. I mean loaded!

Word up, she kinda worked out this deal where I stay with him for the summer and she gets 2,000 beans or something like that. Skip be on the spoilin type tip so I don't mind as long as I can bring Carlo who is in the corner lookin at me like he's lost. We leave for Jersey and drop my mom off on 125th. 2,000 dollars and she's like a pig in shit. Straight to the spot...

Skip is cool — a McGyver lookalike. The only shit about him is that he got these ideas like he can change me and shit. He be like, "You know that you're going to school in September right?" I be like... "Yeah right..." Puttin my mouth tight and to the side in sarcastic mode. Me and him are total opposites. TOTAL! He's even so sure of himself that he's building this house in Florida and is building me a bedroom for his "September plans."

Of course by the end of August we just got up in the middle of the night and broke out... free at last... We make our way back to Queens for a solid night's sleep. Skip comes like three days later all beggin and cryin and shit, but we stay cause he's set in his ways as I am in mine. Plus I don't like people all over Carlo. There's some lines that can't be crossed.

So here I am back in the city and even though we got this fat knot of cash from our buddy in New Jersey, I find myself gettin up every mornin and ridin the E train to 42nd. I'm like addicted to the environment or the scene or whatever it is that keeps me cummin back. It's like a thrill or something going with strangers. It's fucked up, it's like a control thing or something. Most of these niggas are so nervous that I be like laughin and shit. They be all shaky givin an 11 year old a quarter. I be knowin that I'm runnin shit with them. They be all corny and shit. *Tu sabes?* It's a fuckin strange scene. Either you go to a room and they be askin stupid questions and rubbin my back and shit, or they be all physical, pushy, and rushin to see me naked. I just be trippin in my mind on the "am I ever gonna be an asshole like them?" tip.

The niggas that be on the talk tip are the funniest. I even had this one trickster who used to pay me just to go to the ball games. Word, just to be his son for a day. Stupid lonely. Strange. I even used to stay over his apartment sometimes. He never seemed interested in my belongings, just in me and us. The third night I realized why he never wanted to have sex or watch me naked or shower. At like three AM I feel the sheet being lifted off my body and the breeze from the window hits me. We didn't even sleep together. I'm on a cot in the living room. I just lay there "sleeping." I feel him lifting my Hanes from the corner. He insists I wear these white underwears he buys for me... just seems like he cares, ya know? Anyway I feel him lifting these along the edges and slipping them down my hips and legs. I just lay there seeing what this man is up to. He gets them off and brings them straight to his face. I see he got his shit out and is playin with it. He spreads my legs carefully. This fuckin lunatic grabs a small flashlight from the table and be like on the spy tip on my ass and balls. I just kinda propped up on all 4's and this nigga fled the room with the speed of light. Just a caring fellow right?

Things on the strip rarely changed, even most of the faces were the same. Every weekend you'd see a new man lurking the games for some *culito*. Hopefully I'd be there to give him the royal tour of Trickland, NYC. I usually was!

It was around this time that I met Ashton on 48th street. I seen him playin a game. I never seen him before, and this was like my crib... A glossy new face. He had on these green sweatpants which were too small. His ass was all bulging out round and shit. You had to be blind not to notice it! I was 100% positive that this kid was there to work. I just kinda slid over and introduced myself in my casual style. Next thing we break to talk cause the fuckin machines be too damn loud. We exit stage left and I stop at Sbarros pizza for my hourly ice water which they have ready for me under the counter... I'm a regular. They up an extra for my homeboy and we cross the street 47th to where they sell the tickets for Broadway plays. They got this minuscule park with big planters you can sit on and kick whatever. Blunts in my case. Usually the place got my friend on drums and a posse of *cocolos* from uptown breakdancing. They do this shit for the tourists. Imagine breakdancing these days... that shit is dead. Yet still, all the tourists be all openmouthed and shit sayin stuff like... "Would you look at that little nigger go?"

Me and Ashton kick it. He's from the South Bronx. One of the most rundown neighborhoods in the galaxy. He's 11 and dumb poor. He actually asked me if he could come home with me to shower, as they have no running water in their building. I picture Carlo's shock, but am like... fuck it, c'mon. He tells me he heard he can rack up downtown, but is scared and shit. He never did shit with nobody. Man, boy, girl... He's as green as his sweatpants. I vow to be his personal guide and trainer. We ride out to 179th in Queens and walk to the crib. Carlo does nothing to hide the immediate hatred for this kid who is as nice and innocent as they cum. He smashes a mug I won at Coney Island when Ashton asks me to join him in the bathroom cause he has no working knowledge of showers. 1/2 hour later we emerge from a cloud of steam and proceed to the room for clean shorts.

I was sitting on the bed puttin on my sneakers and Carlo kicked me in the head... It's gonna be a long night.

Me and Carlo share a twin bed and we put Ashton on this fold up type thing on the floor next to us. He wakes me up at night by feeling me up and Carlo boots me off the bed. After that night I promise never to see him again. We continue to meat on the sneak tip at Central Park or the Museum of Natural History to fuck around. The museum be showin these free movies with no one attending so we take advantage of the cushiony seats and complete darkness.

Less than a month after all this shit, my cousins throw me and Carlo out because they found a tenant for the basement. Anyway, they forever be trippin and shit sayin I'm a bad influence on their son, my cousin. Meanwhile, he be wakin me up every Saturday like clockwork. His parents are late sleepers and he be sneakin down to the basement to "watch cartoons." Me and Carlo usually sleep naked cause of the heat. He just be layin next to me and forever be wrappin his sweaty hands around my shit... I'm a bad influence?... Next thing you know you hear his fat mother or dick father running down the stairs calling him... Ricky get the fuck upstairs, I thought I told you I don't want you going down there anymore...

One time me and Fernando from next door were going in the garage for a soccer ball. We pulled the door open and we caught Ricky with Sheldon. Sheldon is 13 and Ricky is like 10. My little cousin was bent over the patio furniture and Sheldon was humpin away.

The straw that finally broke any chance of trust in their hearts for me was the time they left me, yes me of all people, to house sit. Ramon gave me the sitdown speech of what he expected from and of me... they arrive a day early and find like a half dozen kids everywhere, the place is a wreck with rum bottles and empty blunt wrappers and fillings. Me, Carlo and Fernando are sleeping in their bed. I'm wakened up by a punch to the head... OUT ON OUR ASSHOLES.

I got a trick to rent us a motel room in the Bronx until we could find a place to live. No one was ready to house two kids 13 and 11 who don't go to school. Not for more than a few nights anyway... We landed at the Van Cortland motel. A fuck joint as a home. I guess it was fate after all. We was right at home. The place houses a dozen or so welfare families. We only stayed like a week before my uncle came to get us. My grandmother is sick and she needs someone there at all times.

She lives in Washington Heights. The neighborhood where my pops got his gundown. Like most of my family lives there. She got this ground level two bedroom joint on 17deuce and Amsterdam Ave.

Ashton's family was evicted at like the same time. We lost touch. Come to think of it I haven't heard from him in like two years. One time I saw him selling *Street News* in Penn Station. *Street News* is a paper for the homeless.

Anyway this crib is dope. The building is from like 1890. Anyone who has ever read anything I wrote for the *Bulletin* knows the flavors. It's nice,

minus the rats. The whole neighborhood is like 200% Spanish, so I'm at home. Look at that cute puppy, oh it's a rat...

My brothers Juan and Fernandito live with my grandma, but they are too young to care for her or themselves... She was crying at my entrance as she hugged me and Carlo hello.

He fit right in, the only thing is he got this serious type asthma, so he be sick a lot. I'm supporting everyone on my game room earnings. *Mi abuela* got her monthly check, but that goes to rum for her and her *Santos* and numbers... She forever be smoking cigars for her and *Santa Barbara*, she's really from the old school.

I make friends with everyone who don't remember me and keep my smiles for everyone who does. It's my smile and strange attitude that people just seem to like. People forever stop and talk to me in the neighborhood. Men stop me, smile, exchange small talk, and run their fingers through my hair. See my hair is feathery, and soft to the touch unlike the other kids in *mi barrio* which are from Santo Domingo. Deep down it all travels back to bed. I just be thinkin everyone wants to suck it... like I put off a scent or something that be makin people horny...sex, sex, sex. Nobody just wants to be your friend right? At least that's how I see it. Nobody! OVER ONE BILLION SERVED! Only a handful of friends.

Moving back to Washington Heights was really what I needed. I wasn't going to the deuce that much, instead I went out and bought a beeper. I gave my number to all of my best tricks and only went to the arcades on weekends. I'm pullin in like 500 beans a week in the winter and double that in the summer.

On March 15, my grandmother was coming back from her *Santero* and she had a stroke and died on our corner about 50 feet from our apartment. A scene and a half. It even gets noticed in the neighborhood where gunshots don't cause a blink and crack spots are more common than pizza joints. WORD! Squirrels be eatin dead rats and sayin, "What's up wit dat?"

Nothing really changed in my life except all of a sudden we got all this freedom and shit. We can come and go and do whatever, but I always do anyway so what the fuck... no difference. Just a little less responsibility, and a little more too. Ya know, now I got my little brothers and shit. They moved pretty quick to my aunt who lived next-door in the next basement. Maria. She lived with this man from D.R. They got their own daughter and son and one "adopted" kid named Eric...

The way I met Eric was stupid funny. See I hate my aunt and always did. She never looked out for me or nothing so I never used to go over to her crib. Like the second day I moved in with my grandmother I was on the corner. I was standin on Amsterdam usin the payphone when I catch this kid ridin back and forth on his bicycle. He's like doin laps or something. Fuckin 100 times, I swear. Just smilin and pumpin his butt in the air. Then it seemed like every time I was goin to the store, he would be comin and shit. We be forever passin each other on the street and shit. I knew he lived in the next building, but I never knew where. Turns out he lives with my aunt. Fucked up. Eric. He's 12 and speaks like no English. They found him abandoned when he was a baby and obviously we're in there cause he be quick to pull his shit out.

We start to hang out like 24/7. The first time he came to our house he stripped down to his underwear, laid on my bed, and asked if I could massage him. Three minutes into this and he's like, "you wanna fuck my pussy?" From that day on he used to call me "pussycat." I'd be on his back, and he be like, "I discober Amerika." And his daily claims of pregnancy, "Luis I pregnan." Fuckin nuts this Dominican kid, I swear.

Like two weeks later he got keys to my crib and comes over on his way to school for a shower or Frosted Flakes. We used to go to the movies on the deuce until one day we were in Playland on 47th and a trick grabbed a handful of my *culo* in front of him. He just looked at me confused. When we got home I explained my "career" and he was like... DOPE! I took him to 34th but he got scared and started to keep his business in the Heights.

I got arrested with a trick in a hotel on 8th Ave. and that changed everything pretty fast. I had this 25 auto in my jacket. Ya know, a pocket heater in case of any funny business. The *monos* didn't believe my age. I was like "13," and they was like "11," I was like "13!" And they was like "11!" Off to DFY! Division For Youth. Four months later and my uncle Jose comes to get me out. Four months of pure strangeness. Every other guard is palming butts and tryin to slobber 8 to 15's. \$100.00 says they work for free or would if they had to. Bet also holds that they request a cell of their own as cell father or mother or whatever.

Anyway as it turns out, while I'm away, my uncle moves in and takes care of Carlo. Definitely was takin care of him 'cause now they one in the same. The new arrangement was fuckin not for me. I was spendin like all my time in the *calle*. DOWNHILL for me. Word! I know you be like, "Where the fuck is this kid gonna go? Already on the bottom right?" I was just depressed

like 24/7 and not the time to start doin tabs of mesc right? WRONG! I was like eatin that shit like M&M's. Then I got turned on to sniffin dope! My homescene is like Car *con* my uncle. Eric moved in with Malcolm... catch my drift? Stupid depressed and even suicidal. Word! I just felt fuckin miserable. Even as I type this I first wrote feel and then changed it to felt! I'm like always depressed. It's like a normal thing. *Tu sabes?* It's like always alone in a crowd... I'm like the loneliest person in the world, even with everyone!... I open my uncle's closet just sneakin around right? And I find like a fuckin shoppin bag full of cracks... HMMMMMMMM I just took 5 bottles and a piece of tinfoil, made a pipe... next thing ya know I got a handful and went to hide in the boiler room... blastoff. 538 bottles and two days later I'm still in the boiler room freaked and in comes the super. I was like half naked and a fuckin wreck. He took me back to his apartment, gave me some wine, a valium and a shower and I just like chilled until I felt like a person again. Like two hours later I'm numb from head to toe, so I decide it's time to face my uncle.

He gave me the Abe Lincoln and explained how I just couldn't stay anymore. So I was out in a dash. I went to the deuce but that shit was empty, so I just wandered down the westside until I got to the mines down by the meat market. There's forever shit goin on on the piers. The mines is this fuckin stupid old shit that the city uses to keep the salt for the roads and the old trucks to throw the shit. Like stupid kids 8 on up stay here. All runaways and niggas that hated their house and shit. Most of these guys be based out or got AIDS and shit. They be on the bone for five! Word! I just worked 34th and the deuce and slept in the mines. I was savin on the sneak tip and when I got up \$1,350, I went to my uncle's to kick him the shit from the cracks. When I got to the block my boys told me he moved downtown... my life is Murphy's law.

I kicked Maria 100 beans and she let me sleep over as long as I needed. My brother Fernandito who moved in when my granma kicked, is like five and a mad little cute devil. It cums clear as day that Eric broke this nigga in cause he be like on the buff tip. Forever grabbin my shit and like tellin me in Spanish, "Luis, what a bag, let me see!" I be pushin him away, but the nigga is mad determined. I be forever wakin up and he's playin with my shit...

I like woke up one day and decided to write to this organization that I be scopin cause of the topic. And met up with a person that changed my life in

some ways. I was seein some light. Chris. In my letter to him, I told him that I liked to write and shit and a brief history. He replied and encouraged.

Me and Chris just kinda hit it off. He was like the first person who didn't want to sleep with me. It wasn't like he wasn't into it and shit, it was just that he felt it would be better for me... huh?

I was like, this nigga's buggin out for real. He'd be like, "Luis, you can stay in my house, but we don't sleep together, and sex is outta the question." Being so used to people fiendin for my shit,

I took the fuck this nigga attitude and I'd be dippin in the closet when Chris would come to my uncle's house and try and catch me out there. It would trip me out. There was nothing more I wanted than me and him to get physical, cause for the past months we been stupid mental. Like soulmates. We needed each other, but yo, he didn't need me... ONCE AGAIN REJECTED! I started trippin bro. I started my cookin classes. Base and *manteca*. In other words, coke and dope, smokin coke, sniffin dope... like weed wasn't enough no more. Turn mad tricks, cop an 8 ball, cook up and 6 hours later be sellin anything I could to base more or cop a packet of dope and faaaaalllll off the world for a little bit. I remember callin this nigga Chris at like 3 or 4 in the mornin outside the Broadway arcade. I was ripped and wanted someone I knew to loan me a home to call my own for a night... I started in the A train out to Brooklyn but woke up in fuckin Coney Island. Totally blacked out. Here I am barefoot, sleepin on the beach and I don't know jack shit about what the fuck happened the night before... what a life.

I started with this Philly shit. Philadelphia that is. There's like these organizations and clubs that be runnin out of houses and shit. Mafia boy brothels. WORD! I used to go there a lot. Rack the fuck up. This black brother from the posse useta pick me up on 46th and Broadway in his 300zx and we'd be outtie. I'd break for the weekend and usually sleep in his crib. He had the dookey joint. Marble stairs and the works. I used to switch up between my uncles, tricks & my other granma's who lives in Harlem too, and this Philly spot.

My uncle had this one bedroom or a studio joint, whatever the fuck it was. A fuggin shoe box! Wordisborn! It was him, my friend Carlo, and whoever else passed through. Too fuckin small for me. I always be gettin in the way and shit. Everyone on this fuckin futon shit. Niggaz gettin it on inches from you. Fucked up!

Mi abuela, she lives in Manhattanville projects. She's cool as shit, if you overlook her left hook or her accuracy with a can of Goya beans. One night I was throwin this fuckin maniac fit in her crib. I was just buggin out. Ya know, stress and shit and then she started with how she needs money and I be eatin and sleepin here when I want. Yo, the fuckin place is packed with my little brothers, sisters and cousins and shit. Like the New York baby depository or some shit. My little brother Jorge and Neil be callin me Popi and shit. These kids is fuckin desperate for love. Anyway, back to my fit, I started slammin cabinets and breakin shit. My grandmother flippin out in Spanish, yellin and prayin and shit. I just jetted out the front door and down the hall to the elevator. Before I could press the button, she knocked me off my feet with this can of black beans to the back of my head... I was seein stars bro, for real! She got the dope aim. She be lookin out, but she be buggin out too. Sometime she be puttin dressers and shit in front of my door, so I can't open it. She like give these jail terms and shit. She just be tryin to look out, cause she knows what's up.

I won on this depression shit dealing with Chris gettin locked up and shit. He got locked up for this long-term investigation with his sex with tricks and shit. Fuckin busted bro. There goes any chance of shit to work out for me. I was in Philly this Saturday and got through a half dozen niggaz and I just kicked back and started to drink. I had like three vodkas. On the rocks straight up Absolut.

Like an hour later I'm in the bathroom cryin and cuttin my wrists open.

DIARY OF A DIRTY BOY, PART TWO

Yo, I'm one of those niggas who can't even kill themselves correctly... no matter how hard I try. I bet if I tried to blow my brains out, the shit would backfire and blow up in my hands instead. Jerry, who was a kid that slept in this Philly crib daily, came downstairs to puff a blunt with me and finds me on the bathroom floor slowly bleeding to death. 911 and nine days later I'm in a Philly hospital gettin checked to see how mentally unstable I am. I got no fuckin family so I call my uncle who is still on his honeymoon with Carlo. I explain to him in Spanish the situ so the doctors don't understand. He drives in from NY and plays like my father... same last name.

I was sure I'd end up property of this backwards ass city, or better yet the city morgue. I guess some of us were just put here to suffer, that's the way I figure it. Back to Harlem. Again to the shoebox apartment. I can hack it for a while. 125th. ZOMBIE LAND. Like every bitch over 16 is a basehead. Word is born!

Being the pot-head I am, Chris' live-in lover filled me in on the local reefer joint which is like a block away. In there! The first time I walked in, the owner invited me to the back. As I walked in I adjusted my pants, I was sure that was the goal and the destination.

He sat me on the bed, put his hand on my shoulder, smiled and said, "Ya got da new face youth, ya new around here." Jamaican Rasta Down! Mad Dreads!

I said, "Yeah, I just moved here with my uncle."

He was like, "Ya look true boy, help mea bag da weed now ya hear? Take this herb and build yaself a spliff." I was like with my mouth dropped to the floor. He took my shirt pocket, opened it, and filled it with weed!!! I helped him bag up for a few and said I hadta jet cause my uncle's waitin for his dime. He gave me a 20.00 spot and patted me on the back and said, "Tamarrow then star, pass at like 11:00 and we go to Jersey."

I ran home and showed my uncle who was like, "Damn Luis, you desperate or somethin? I gave you \$10.00 for a bag; you didn't have to sleep with him!"

“You crazy, I only helped him bag up for a few, he was just givin me this shit,” I said.

“SURE, SURE, SURE,” was his response. Also a “Yeah right!”

I rolled a blunt and went out on the fire escape. Carlo ran to the *bodega* to cop me two wine coolers. I grew accustomed to sittin on the escapes, which became my escape whenever they was gonna have sex or be alone. I was out the kitchen window with a bag, a brew, and a box to get blitzed. Not a day passes that I don’t smoke weed. I drink a lot, but not too much — or do I????

Chris finally broke down and gave me Kev’s address. It took mad months for him to make that move because he didn’t want to lose me. Even though he never had me. He didn’t want me to be more impressed with anyone. Kevin is a well-known writer. Chris was afraid he would recognize my talent and be able to do more for me all around because he is more stable in his life, and is more capable. He was right.

I wrote to Kevin and never really expected a response. He responded mad fast. Fact is he heard of me and read my shit before in the journal I was writing in for Chris.

It took me a stupid long time to build my trust in him. I just got this shit for not trustin nobody. I MEAN NOBODY! Meanwhile, the whole time I been hangin with the dread like 24/7. So much that his wife is gettin mad jealous. She starts breakin on me one day like this... “You stinkin Puerto Rican, you be suckin my man’s dick!” Shit in the first place I’m not Puerto Rican and there ain’t no sex between us. NONE. Dumb bitch.

Kevin becomes my father, my family, my life. I still be turnin mad tricks. Ya know, I be gettin the fever and shit. But now it’s different, I be disgusted and shit. I be feelin like I’m cheatin on Kev and shit. Word! Even though he lives like halfway across the US. But yo! He calls, he cares, and he sends me an allowance. He makes me laugh and see light when it’s dark. I am his life. This is all before I even got my ass down to see him! So he sends for me.

By the time I got off the train I jerked off like 2 million times. PSYCHE! I know you expected some shit like that. Right? Actually train rides do get me horny, and I been up and down like 1000 times, I just chilled. Actually I slept most of the time and my stomach was pretty fucked up. Probably cause I was kinda freaked at the whole situ, being I tend to ruin every fuckin thing. Just plain scared.

He met me at the station and we caught immediate eye contact. He was all sentimental. Word! He like hugged all the air from me and stuffed me into

his spankin new Honda. As soon as the car kicked on, the Gypsy Kings kicked in. I forever be sendin him tapes of my music, but I never thought he really liked it. "*Oy mi vida, porque tu seras, el motivo porque del amor pensar en ti, oy mi vida...*" The Gypsy Kings alone send a chill down my spine, so now I'm tremblin and shit.

Kev pulls into the driveway and then garage of this huge old time house. *Que grande!* The shit got more property than Highbridge Park! He pushes me ahead of him into the house and follows. I feel his eyes burnin holes in my shorts.

He walks me past the kitchen which is his father's cause the house is split and Kev got an apartment upstairs. He starts walkin up the stairs and I jet past him to Kevland!

He spun me around and put his arms around me. As he pushed his face into my hair and kissed my head his hands went under my shirt and started stroking my back. I been in like two million arms, ya know... Over a billion served. I shook! I wasn't scared no more or nuthin, I can't explain it! By the time he got me to bed, I was a mess bro! I never been hugged by anyone who really loved me before. NEVER.

Pinch me bro cause this is a fuckin dream or sumthin!?! We go like three rounds and I get up to go to the fridge. Kev's knocked! Passed out! I open the fridge and find like every food I ever liked in my life. Everything we ever talked or wrote about relating to food. All the snacks, fruit, juices, and I mean everything.

I make myself two peanut butter and banana sandwiches and filled up the biggest glass with the coldest milk. I fuckin ate with the force of all the years of not eating right. Finally I was home! Or was I? I climbed back to bed and nestled into heaven. The window blowin honey-scented air pushed me into a sleep like I never experienced. No sirens, no squeaking rats crying and scratchin holes in the walls, no gunshots... pure silence... serenity!

Yo, where the fuck am I and where the fuck is Tattoo cause this is Fantasy Island, right? I wake up and expect to smell garlic. Ya know, *longaniza and tostones*. But yo, what I smell is butter, bacon, pancakes and the rest of the menu of I.H.O.P. Word! Kev is busy bangin away at the pots and pans cookin me the buffet joint! International House Of Luis! Have I died and been reborn a king!

After a breakfast of champions, me and Kev shower together and he takes me out clothes shopping. The sky's the limit. In like a pauper and out like a

prince. I got Guess and Levis comin out my ass. More socks shirts and underwear than the Salvation Army.

After a few days of really gettin to know each other and the unfamiliar surroundings, we took to spendin time indoors. One night we was chillin on the couch watchin *King Of New York* and I just froze. I was hit with hardcore reality. All this is temporary! In a matter of days I gotta pack my shit up and get back on a train. Dragggg my sorry ass back to hell. New York City. Kev's all into the movie when he notices me sobbin to myself. Ya know, kinda into my armpit and shit. "Wassa matte Looie, what happened?" I just leapt up and ran to the armchair where I buried my face into the cushion to drown my tears of unfairness.

Kev's one a those guys who always thinks that they've done something wrong. It's almost annoying. He took to the situation like, "Luis, what did I do?" He was like beggin or somethin. I couldn't talk. I was outta my mind. The one time and place in my life that I feel is home and it's really not. It's like a torture. I couldn't comprehend why I just couldn't stay. Kev was all like it can't happen. First of all his father, second of all I don't go to school, third of all I'm obviously not his son. Any fool could see that. Also he be hooked on the fact I couldn't last a month cause of my lifestyle. Smokin weed all day, hangin in the city. Also he be like "You got a whole other life in NY, consider this your second home, or your vacation home..." Anyway, nothin I wanted to hear! To me half of me really understood the fact I never could stay here, but my other half usually won the fight... and couldn't understand Why?!?!?!?!?

I didn't speak to Kevin the rest of the night. I'm just like that! He responded by turnin off too. That shit made shit even worse. It was our first fight. At least to me it was. I just went to sleep by myself in the bed without sayin a word.

I woke up at just before 3 am and saw that Kevin undressed me and tucked me in and slept next to me with a sheet as a blanket. I just stared at the ceiling watching the moonbeams crossing the room. I went to my bookbag and pulled out the bag of weed I brung. He said I could bring it if I wanted to... so what's up?

I crossed the room with my buds and a Philly and gazed out the window. It looked so still and peaceful. I started outta the room and down the stairs to go outside to puff when suddenly I remembered... JASON and FREDDY! Them niggas is definitely out there. I ran up the stairs so fast all you woulda

seen was a flash. I got to the top of the stairs and collapsed panting. Boy, it was like I could feel Freddy grabbin my ankle on the way up the stairs. My heart was in my throat like I sniffed a gram in two lines! I felt stupid, all petro in my underwears!

I went back to the bedroom for... ya know, safety in numbers, and cracked a Philly blunt open. After tossin the tobacco from inside, I crushed the weed and rolled a New York BLUNT. I laid on the bed and lit the blunt. I blew the smoke over my body and watched it spread out through the moonbeams. This herb is pure. It smells and tastes unbelievable. From Northern Cali. I copped a 1/4 ounce for my trip and it cost me 100 beans! Kev woke up from the smell. I bombed the room. Kev woke up and looked at me stoopid funny. It must've been the weed cause I broke into hysterics. He laughed along and we was laughin so hard we was cryin. I climbed on board and told him how I really did understand that I couldn't live here and for now it's temporary. He put his arms around me and pulled me closer. I thought he was gonna kiss me or somethin and he just started ticklin me. I'm probably the most ticklish creature to walk the planet. He don't know this. I'm like tryin to talk with no breath and am like... "I'm gonna peeee" too late! I pissed all over myself, the bed, him...

We showered and he carried me to the living room where we slept on the carpet. For the next few days I filled my time with love. I kinda figured I could store it up until next visit. I cried the whole train ride home in between writing him a letter to tell him how much the trip meant to me. I called him collect from Penn Station when I arrived in Manhattan. I couldn't stand to be away.

Ya know, I got off the pay phone and with my luggage in hand I cruised "Station Break" family amusement center. I walked in and did a lap before I popped a quarter into "Street Fighter." The place is filled with 9ers, 10ers and up. Looks like mad comp. All these niggas are crispy new faces and are new at the game. What I would do for \$150, they would be willing to do for \$10, or \$15.

I played a few games and caught the A train to 125th so I could land at my uncle's. Nobody expected me, but I expected someone would be home. I walked to the crib from the station and knocked, and knocked, and knocked... silence. I took my bag and went to Peter's. I was hoping I could crash there for a few. When I got there his shit was closed and Spike who be

forever hangin out in fronta the store told me that Peter and co. got popped. BUSTED! Off to grandma's house.

She welcomed me coldly, but I went in anyway. Same shit different day. Kids runnin everywhere. I went straight down the hall to "my bedroom" plopped my luggage down, and just spaced out staring out the window. I rolled a skinny blunt and puffed thinkin if I jumped from this 11th floor crib, did I have time to finish the blunt on the way down. Lookin out to the filth of Amsterdam Ave. West Harlem. I could barely remember what it looked like in Idaho, or Illinois, or wherever the fuck I was.

In my granma's, I'm like the only one who contributes money by buying my nephews and cousins clothes, toys and whatever the fuck is needed. It fucks me up to see my little brother Jorge and my cousin Neil call me daddy. I'm like the closest thing they got and that's pretty pitiful. Neil is five and his mother is my aunt. She's a crackhead like my ma was. She's also a lesbian, so Neil is like majorly confused. Jorge is four and looks like me. As it turns out, while I was in Illinois, my cousin Carlos had been makin Jorge do his head... I told ya, my whole family is fucked up!

Carlos is my age. He used to turn mad tricks with me when we was real little. We used to go to the deuce to beg and in no time a hawk would be shufflin us into a car or train. See, I think Carlos used to be gettin fucked cause he would rack up more than me. To top things off, by the time we hit 12, he decided that all these niggas is a bunch of homos. He started on this macho shit. Now he got all these girls and shit... next thing ya know he's doin my four-year-old brother in the ass!?!?!?! Right now, as I type this, Carlos is in jail! Auto theft, homicide, and rape. Not to mention that he got a few years before he even turns 16. Fuckin Chris be in love with that nigga. I'm sure they met on the ddl (deep down low) and did the nasty! Now, botha them is in jail.

It was nothing, like I said, gettin used to NY after staying in the country with Kev. We back to our long distance shit until next time.

I get a call from my Uncle Jose one day and he be like, "Luis, watch the house and Carlo for me for a few weeks, I gotta go away". No problem! I put all my shit into a Pathmark bag and walk to his house. From my granma's, it's only three blocks down and two over. I'm there in five minutes.

When I get there, you can cut the tension with a knife. Carlo is mad at Jose. I'm not sure if it's for leaving, or for stickin me with him. If it's the last one, he be forgettin how he got there in the first place. I drop my bag and cop

a seat on the couch. My uncle bids his good-byes and hands me an envelope. In it I find 500 beans. I can see from this he's gonna be out for more than the week! When I walk by Carlo to plug in the adapter for Nintendo, he kicks me and I fall into the wall unit causing the TV and VCR to fall. We look at each other stunned and rush to put shit in place and see if they still work. They do, and we laugh at our luck!

Carlo and me spend time catchin up on a time when it was just me and him against the whole world. We get along good, but now when we sleep together there's like a wall between us. I decided I would go out and find myself a little companion to keep me company day and night. In Harlem this is no hard task.

I spotted who I wanted one day when me and Carlo was comin back from the Chinese joint. I see this Spanish kid like 10 or 11 ridin a bicycle that was way too big for him. I looked at Carlo and said, "Watch, he'll be mine." I forgot about the episode.

One day I was playin P.O.W., a video game, when in comes Shorty Bike. He came with his friends who were mostly *cocolos*. They was all playin different machines. Shorty looked Spanish to me. He lost his quarter in a machine and started bangin this shit. I stopped him and gave him a quarter so he wouldn't get in trouble. He said, "You work here?" I told him no, and he asked why I gave him a quarter. I told him cause I wanted to. They left and I waited a few minutes before I followed. By the time I walked out, I already lost them. I wanted to see where he lived.

A few days later I was in a car with a trick named Kevin. We was drivin up Convent Avenue when I spotted my fantasy friend. We kept on and like two days later I spotted him again workin on 125th and St. Nicholas sellin socks for this creep. I broke the ice and asked him if he wanted to come over and play Nintendo. He said he'd come now! FUCK WORK!

He never went home again. His mother is a crack head. We became the best of everything until my uncle came back and moved right in on my territory... easy come easy go! So I went. I wandered Manhattan for the next few days just feeling sorry for myself when I decided, Fuck it, let me go back and make a place for myself too... share share, that's fair. Or fare I should say.

My uncle be havin a lot of outta town business so it's me that becomes more of the head of the house. While my uncle was gone on a three month stretch the apartment got padlocked. I went with Miguel (Shorty Bike) to

sleep on the roof of my old building on 17deuce. Summertime and ain't no one gonna bother us there. He hates it and goes to stay with his grandmother until I can work somethin out. Carlo goes to my grandmother's where he is always treated like a king.

I was fit to blow my brains out when I call Kevin as a last resort and he wires me cash so I can get an apartment in a tenement. I'll just get one a the tricks to get the lease and shit.

In a few weeks, we move to a nice apartment on 189th street. I lined it up, hooked it up and called everyone up to move in. Jose is the one that pulled the strings to get us in there. He also hooked me up with a job sellin at one of the weed spots his friend owns. So now it's me, Carlo, and Miguel with my uncle comin once or twice a week to play musical beds.

Yo, everything is going so dope, when I get bagged on 172nd with a 32 automatic and 120 dime bags. My uncle got me out after doing three days and he fucked me up. Bail was 500 beans, plus I lost 1200 worth of weed. All three days I was gone, my uncle was on the honeymoon tip with Miguel. FFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK I can't take it no more.

I cried so much that alone I could've stopped the drought we got here in the city. I refused to sleep in the house and chose to sleep in the park across the street. I woke up and went downtown figurin fuck it, what I got ta lose. I just started goin with anyone, anywhere, for anything.

I'm gonna go through some shit that happened during my death binge:

One day I was at Playland on 47th St. and I noticed this hawk hawkin me. We split and start walkin and talkin. He asked my name and I told him Tito. He asked if I would go to his house, and I said the only place I go is to a hotel right here in this area. He was like fuckit then, let's just drive around a little. I be skeptical about just gettin into a car since they found my brother David upstate NY tied to a tree. He was naked, castrated, and had cigarette burns all over his body. He had been gangraped and shit.

Half of me knew not to get in, but I said fuckit. As we started drivin around and talkin, he called me Luis. I froze. I never told him my name, I said it was Tito. I just waited to see what was next. We hit the Henry Hudson, and started drivin upstate. I said "Where ya goin?" He said to his house. We got there and I had a beer. I figured I would try and get over on him. Ya know, steal a VCR, TV, car, whatever. After the beer I took off my shirt and pants for him. Then it hit me. I started gettin warm and lightheaded. He was

carryin me to a bed. It was like I was asleep, but I could see and hear everything, I just was like crippled or somethin. I couldn't speak or move or nothin. This nigga climbed on me and was lickin me all over. Like slobbin and shit and I passed out. I woke up locked in this room. Naked.

Around noon he came in and said, "Howdya sleep Luis?" I was like, how the fuck you know my name? He told me he is a cop and knows everything about me, my mother, everything. Even the fact that there's a bench warrant for me for not goin back to court. He turned to walk outta the room when I smashed a big, old-fashioned brass lamp over his head.

I jetted past him and ran to the *sala* where I saw all my clothes where I left them. I dressed and started lookin for some loot before I break. I thought I heard footsteps and I turned around to catch a roundhouse punch to the head. He sent me to the wall, picked me up and proceeded to give me the worst beating I had ever had in my life. He beat me unconscious and dropped me off on 14th street and the Westside Highway. Bloody and in nothin but my pants. No shirt, shoes, socks or drawers. I stumbled to a pay phone and called my uncle's house for a rescue.

When I felt a little better, I drank a ton of vodka and washed down like six valiums during the course. They didn't bring me to the hospital. They made me puke, and tied me to the bed cause I was going crazy. Bangin my head and just fallin all over the place...

1994-1995

SHOOTING STARS

I could feel his beard stubble rubbing against my cheeks kinda like sandpaper. I close my eyes and imagine it's really Kevin instead of this outta-towner... Ted, Fred, whatever the fuck he said, it probably ain't his real name anyway. I arch my back like when you stroke a cat, tryin to give him a dislocated tongue. He's been eatin me out for like ten minutes already... Fuggggit, it's his time, and he's definitely payin for it. I usually drift, dream, and end up in this semiconscious state where I can kinda hear the traffic fourteen stories below my usual sleaze-bag whore hotel where I so often bring Teds of various lands sizes shapes and colors... Drift... as he spreads my cheeks with his hands and sucks, his stubble trips the events... I'm smelling air that's fresh with flowers, honey fills the air and tickles my nostrils... I smile to myself 'cause Ted becomes Kevin every hour on the hour. His mere stubble becomes a full beard... I'm standing by the pond on Kev's property and he picks me up 'cause I'm still kinda small. I wrap my legs around his back as our tongues chase each other... licking tops bottoms sides and parts of your mouth that have never had the pleasure. His hands under my ass dipping fingertips into my shorts and touching so gently what I want him to really dig into. It's erotic to fantasize I'm his pauper peasant boy and he's the king. Erotic for him to think of me as a gentle faun when I'm an anxious tiger. He touches me with his fingertips as an artist strokes his canvas, gentle at first and fierce at times... heating with passion. Trace the trail of my face from my forehead gently down to my chin with your other hand pawing at my cheeks as you lick a line from my chest to the head of my dick which you take into your experienced mouth as loving as possible savoring each second for you for me.

I usually only let Teds fuck me if they pay big or I'm wrapped up in one of my Chicago fantasies and Ted becomes Kev once again pushing into me pulling outta me and filling me with love (juice). I time his clicks with mine. A stroke of the prostate and we come at exactly the same time... Kinda like synchronized ejaculations... Picture it... Picture this... Kevin's got my legs over his shoulders and he's got me in one of his ever so famous kisses... He

likes to kiss me more than fuck, I think. He's suckin on my tongue and I bust a nut that mats up the hair on his belly.

I grab his ass and push him as deep into me as possible as I cum. I feel his cheeks getting tense and then relaxing again. As his ass tenses his dick expands, he's stretching me to heaven, my love assassin.

I like to lay out on his lawn in the back on a summer night. Sometimes I bring my lover Miguel with me. We share a blanket and a bottle of wine. As I lay on my back fingering the stars, ya know like putting 'em between my fingers and closin one eye as I kinda measure the suckers... I kinda hope to see a UFO, or at least a shooting star. Kev rolls us up some joints 'cause we ran outta Phillies. He likes to roll 'em, but I never seen him smoke. He likes to watch me and my baby smoke and press our lips together exhaling and inhaling each other. He knows it always gets us horny. In minutes after finishing off the sweet sweet smoke, we start to rub each other. We stroke faces and stroke our hard dicks under the moonlight as we slowly undress... A vision of naked boys dancing in the darkness. Kevin jerks himself off watching us 69 until he can't take no more and turns 69 into 70. We cum into the sky as I finally catch a shooting star.

...And the maid is knocking or rather pounding at the door. It seems like I overslept... Sunlight is trickling through these \$1.50 curtains that looked like they was robbed from a funeria. Fuckin red velvet? The pounding is annoying me so I yell in Spanish, "Ya, ya, cono!" I get up and slap on my last-night jeans which are waitin for me in the corner like a fuggin dog at feedin time. Ted's gone... I slip on my jeans and Jordans and tuck my tee shirt in so it don't come out the bottom of my sweatshirt. To be messy in my line is like way outta line. Fuckin Ted... stiffed me and my loot. I seen like eight Teds the day and night before and was packin \$420 under the sole in my Jordans... Gone... I open the door to a young maid... Mexican.

She keeps yellin at me all the way to the elevator where I press the button and take a step to the steps where I jet down fourteen flights of piss scent. I want to cry at my stupidity, but I can't, I can only cry at my ignorance. I worked all night and gotta jump a turnstile to get home... So I say fuck it and spend another dreaded day at the Deuce.

THE BIG PAYBACK

Every day I get a little older, a little deadlier and a little less marketable. See, dying of AIDS is not pretty for a sixty-year-old man or a sixteen-year-old kid. Shit, it was only yesterday when half the nation of boy-lovers were shooting their venom-like cum deep into my bowels or pumping the same deadly syrup down my throat. I mean, what chances did an uneducated eight, nine, ten or eleven-year-old have of surviving this epidemic time? This plague of ours which seeped outta some lab from some military type government scientific catastrophe which had the deadliest of deadly impacts on me and the few people that really do love me.

I cry myself to sleep now more than ever and I've had one hell of a life. I've been on my own for the past eight years. Abandoned and stripped of any love and now abandoned by God and his holy son Jesus.

How many Black Widows caught me in their net? Was it one or one thousand? Well... over one million served. Was it Playland that robbed my life of any decency or was it my mother? Well.. Playland was kinda like my mother anyway. And who was my other mother?

How many teardrops have fell down these cheeks? I cry my tears for my babies, my puppies, my lovers, and for Kevin. My puppies are many for they are my lovers. I cry from daily pain in my heart, my stomach and my soul.

I smoke the most powerful herb in the universe thanks to some very potent and powerful family and friends. It carries me to places where I can close my eyes and feel the numbness in my teeth and I think and I think and I think. Sometimes stuck on a thought like an old record skipping... thadump-thadump-thadump... and then I forget what the fuck I was thinking about anyway. The blessed herb helps me to remember when times were better and if they were never better it helps me to pretend or dream they were.

A blunt later and I'm drifting and floating down 42nd Street in a bittersweet haze. 42nd Street turns into Chicago and the Lyric Theater on the Deuce turns into the Biograph Theater in downtown Chicago. I'm standing in front on a crisp spring day when a handsome bearded man in his thirties taps me on the shoulder and asks me if I want to go in and see the show.

In the theater the atmosphere fills with an intensity. The air is as dense as the tension. The man, whose name I learn to be Kevin, places his hand on my leg and inches his fingertips up my sweatpants to the place which is the center of my existence. It's as hard as this barely cushioned seat and thumping to the beat of my heart.

He slips his hand under my sweats and wraps it around my thirteen-year-old dick as I wrap one hand around his neck and push my sweet tongue deep into his mouth. And I cum.

"Wanna go to my place?" he whispers into my ear with a slip of the tongue. Shit, the secrets that prowl in the darkness of an inner-city theater are too much to bear sometimes. Like the secrets that crowd my mind.

See, this is a game that me and Kev play. Actually, the truth is that at this time I'm really living with him on a summerly basis. In my mind, I like to pretend he picks me up 'cause it makes the sex more unpredictable, more suspenseful and more spontaneous than if I just accept the fact that I go to bed next to him and wake up next to him and go to bed next to him and... etc. It adds thrill. The ganja helps me to invent further chapters in our life. Accept them as fantasy or blend them in with reality. The choice is mine. Purely mine. Something I never have to share with no one no matter how much they have to offer, or how good they beg to treat me. Stolen promises on New York afternoon. Negotiating a meeting of my buns with prospective client. "How would you like them sir, sunny side up, over or scrambled?"

Sometimes I drift to when I really was a little waif. I would ride different train lines all day sitting suggestively with my legs wide open. Showing the world all that I had to offer. I'd be in old faded gym shorts. Too young on top and too old on the bottom. Ride the IRT with no underwear on at eleven. One leg down and one foot on the seat and watch who sits across from me spying behind a newspaper or a pair of Ray-Bans. If I got horny, I'd get hard and push myself through the opening at the bottom of my shorts. Rarely did it lead to anything, but I'd always catch a flustered, excited middle-aged man get off the train at his business stop and turn to watch the train door shut OD on his fantasy which turns into a lunch break jerk-off session in some bathroom stall.

One time I'm riding the train just like this and there is a young black kid sitting across from me, maybe fourteen, and he is making no disguise of the fact he can't keep his eyes offa my ass and dick, so I go all out and give him a show. The train is almost empty and now we are playing cat and mouse. I

watch him stare as I stand up on a D train at the Coney Island stop and get off, flashing him a quick smile and a flash of a moon.

Needless to say, he follows me off the train and to Fascination, where he stands next to me at “Streetfighter.” I feel his breath on my bare neck and it makes me hard again. It’s the beginning of the season so the place is as empty as the park and the beach.

I turned to this beautiful kid, like three or four years older than me, light-skinned, light eyes, and a beautiful body, and asked if he wanted to breeze, so breeze we did. We walked through the park, down the boardwalk and to the bathrooms. He followed me into a stall in the off-season empty bathroom. By the time he locked the stall door, I had my shorts completely off and was jerking myself off. He knelt in front of me and started to suck me off and after an afternoon of hard-ons and train bumps I shot a small but healthy load into his mouth. I kissed the cum offa his tongue and turned around for him, showing him my perfect eleven-year-old smooth, round ass, and he kissed my left cheek and then the right. He planted his lips in the middle and kissed into licks... I let him fuck me for as long as it took. He pushed slowly at the entrance careful not to rip or tear. He was only fourteen but he had like eight inches. Once he got in the head, he inched himself into me slowly until he hit the end. He moved himself with the rhythm of an expert. I was as hard as him. When I felt his dick throbbing like ten or fifteen minutes later, I knew a splash would be next. He pulled out and I turned around fast to catch every drop in my mouth. It was the sweetest jelly I ever tasted. I cummed as it hit my tongue and shot down my throat.

He pulled up his pants and without the smallest good-bye, he split. He was so hot that I rode the same train for about a month waiting for my teen dream, but I didn’t even get his fuckin’ name, let alone his address or number.

It really was only yesterday, wasn’t it? Sure feels like it... when I first met Kevin and he gave me his address and other digits and said if I ever needed somewhere to stay, use it. Not a month later, I found myself knocking on this almost stranger’s door. I knew he was like the most famous cat on my bookshelf ’cause he wrote about me. Streetboy dreams and streetboy nightmares. Every line applied and still does. I guess I’m trapped in a world of eternal youth, dying once again everyday, yet never aging a single day. Kevin would hold my hand and assure me in his middle-American tone, “Don’t worry, my Looie, everything will be OK someday, I promise.” I

would shake in his hold 'cause it was so secure it was scary. Trembling at his touch. It was real, no-strings-attached type shit. I would do everything in my power to get him mad or ruin shit, but he wouldn't let me. He had the patience of a saint. And the perception to make me end up feeling like a fool for trying to "get over" on his niceness.

It makes me cry just thinking that all this has to end someday soon. But like Kevin says, we knew each other in other lives and will again in the future. Yeah, that's it, future lives. It's my only chance at rationalizing my whole existence. Shit, I must've been the biggest asshole on the planet in one of my other lives if this life has been some kind of a payback. But that must be it. Yeah, the big payback.

1994

ATE... 8

Fast asleep. As deep as it goes. One of those sleeps where you can set my platform bed on fire, set it down on Amsterdam Avenue, and throw rocks on me from the side of the road... “He still didn’t get up! Is he dead?” asks my little cousin Danillo. I can hear them, but I just can’t move. Like stuck to the bed... actually probably am stuck to the sheets.

My uncle had me up all night and some of the morning. By the time he let me fall asleep, the sun was shining through the shades. My uncle. *Mi tío. Porque?*

I remember when I first got to the block, 192nd, from Villa Progresso in Puerto Plata. Everyone, especially my uncle, who happens to be my mother’s brother, let me feel real at home. I mean, it’s quite a fuckin difference from the real, actual jungle, to the realest of the real, actual concrete jungle.

We came directly from the “campos.” The sticks... the country. A place where everything is constructed out of local trees with a touch of cement here and there, and a tin roof — directly to a place that is the exact opposite. Concrete everywhere. Floors, walls, ceilings. Rock. Cement. Bricks. Only trees to be found are in the parks. I was overwhelmed, just the fact that planes pass every few minutes had me buggin cause planes only pass twice a day around Puerta Plata. Imagine. If I told Joselito (my best friend back in the Dominican Republic) that hundreds of planes pass all day, he’d be like, “*hablador, tu si habla.*” Calling me a liar. We all used to line up in front of our houses-pointing to the skies... “*A-vion!-A-vion!-A-vion!*” Jumping up and down in unison.

New York City is its own country, (really a planet) Si, Planet New York. Land of plenty. Land of milk and honey. These are the visions we all share. The people of the Third World Caribbean Islands. As we feel stranded on the island. Abandoned by our friends, lovers and relatives. Crying ourselves to sleep just one more time, I swear. Visions of sugar cane fields dance through my brain. Peace. The stalks open as Moses parted the sea. The stalks part and as the water flooded and killed the people, the US Army floods the towns and villages of paradise, raping, pillaging, and burning down houses and small businesses. Destroying all hopes, visions, and dreams of escaping oppression.

I wake up startled! Was I on the front-line last night? I feel like I fought a battle single-handed. Word! I remember being fast asleep. Dreaming of cotton candy and candy apples. Through my sleep I smell something which has me uncomfortable. Alcohol.

In one motion his arm is circling my neck, his legs and weight got me pinned to my bed, and his other hand is spreading my legs. AYE DIOS POR FAVOR. AYUDAR ME POR FAVOR NOOOO! I scream out loud inside. I'm biting the hand covering my mouth. Screaming at the top of my lungs. It's silent. Nothing is coming out, yet I couldn't possibly scream louder. Tears are competing with sweat running down my body. I can't believe he's trying to fuck me and this shit is actually going in! I'm only seven, why would he want a seven-year-old piece of ass... not much to it? I think he wasn't trying to screw me, he was trying to kill me, and believe me bro, it almost worked. As a matter of fact, I died a million deaths that night.

He held me like an octopus and stroked me inside out every chance he got. I told my mother and she laughed it off — saying I bring it on myself with this cute little round butt, I walk around the house naked or close to it. So I ask for it. Shit, I'm home! I'm SUPPOSED to be safe.

We all knew that if my dad was alive, this shit would never be going on. I seen my other uncle, Emilio, 13, fuckin the shit outta Renaldito's mouth. Now, I know he big on suckin dicks, but little guys his own age like five or six, but to see our uncle makin him suck his thing like they ain't no tomorrow. He plowin his mouth, and shorty gets his eyes closed and lips clamped down, waiting for the blastoff! She laughs it off.

Anyway, life goes on and on and on. I sit here contemplating suicide for the millionth time. Wondering how I got so fucked up anyway. Is there an end to this madness?

Answer: NO. Life is madness, madness is life. Pain ripping and twisting you inside out. It wasn't meant to be like this. It just wasn't meant to be. Sure, I can nod, drift, sway, fall deep into a narcotic dreamy stupor and write about the chills, the sweat, the cramps, the choice to suffer. Like some kids get a 20 spot to mow the lawn, but my life, allowance, existence and dreams are based on pain. Not the pain of a punch to the jaw, but the miserable pain. The misery of existence. The pain of birth. My soul was consumed that night in my room. In my bed with a messenger of the devil. That was the night I was chosen as a sufferer. That night I became one with misery.

I found watching others suffer eased my pain. Feeling myself suffer was even better. It was home. My comfort zone. Something I've always been familiar with. Violence. Violence of the unmentionable kind. Violent tempers, violent reactions, violent lifestyle, violent sex... "Shhhhhhhh, don't move, I'm almost done... shhhhhhhh... stay like that... *Ya — viene...* I told you to suck it, see, look what you made me do, if you would've sucked it, I wouldn't have had to do this Lui... shhhhhhhh... someone's gonna hear you, put your face in the pillow and stop cryin. *Ya* act like a bitch, I swear to fuggin god. Damn... look at *ya* ass, it's sooo round. You know you like this — shhhhhh, one more minute. Shhhh it's sooo tight. You love this shit you fuggin little fuggin slut. I seen you go in the basement with Tito, he was hittin this shit, right? RIGHT? Just answer me, why the fuck you still cryin like a girl, you know you love this *platanos*. I can tell you be doin this. Stop movin around. Don't make me fuck you up. If you don't stop pullin away, I'm gonna fuckin fuck you up, you shit, MARICON!"

"*Tio* please, it hurt *tio* please! *Por favor, sacar esta mierda*, please, take it out! PLEASE, I'M GONNA DIE!" I could feel the blood dripping down my thighs onto my balls. I could feel my life getting ripped away from me thread by thread. I closed my eyes and just prayed for it to end. The more I prayed, the harder he would pump. He's biting my ear, what the fuck is wrong with this bastard... He pulled out and splashed all over my back and as soon as he was off and up, I got up running in a frenzy. Blood, shit and cum dripping down my legs, sweat pouring off my head, tears streaming down my face, spit running down my chin. I was throwing lamps, pillows, books, toys, anything within reach. At the same time, cursing my once-favorite uncle to hell. He ran out the room and into the bathroom. As I'm still carrying on, my mother bursts into the room where she finds me naked and berserk and marches straight towards me. I'm on the floor in double shock. She boxed me offa my feet!

"Whata you fuggin nutz, what the fuck are you doing, yellin and shit, it's 4:30 in the morning!" She blazed at me in screams.

"*Mami*, it's *Tio* Pepe, he was doing things to me!" I somehow managed to blurt out between sobs.

"Take a goddam bath and go back to sleep you filthy little cocksuckin bastard! If I have to come back in this room again, I swear to Christ I'LL FUCKIN KILL YOU FOR REAL. Now get *ya* bitch homo ass the fuck up and into the bathroom." I sat in the bath for at least an hour and a half. Shit

burned like a mutha fucka. It felt as though someone opened my heart and soul, removed them, and replaced them with absolutely nothing. EMPTY. He managed to pull my soul and being right outta my ass... who would've thought...

They wondered why I stopped hangin' out around the house. Why I used to try and stay up all night, until I would fall asleep on the steps of the building or in the lobby. Why I searched endlessly for a friend my age, older, younger, male, female, white, black, Asian, gay, straight, fat, skinny, beautiful, ugly, dumb, genius... anyone, just anyone to be my friend, my company, my guardian... just need some shelter, some love, some understanding, some companionship, someone I can trust, talk to, hug. Be my father, my mother, my friend, my lover, my sistah., my bruddah... just be. Believe in what I say, question where I go. Ask why I'm late, and what's with the bruises. Wipe a tear when it falls, hug me tight when I'm sad. Just tell me you love me when I feel so deserted. Don't disappear when you're done. Let me know I can count on you. Spank me when I'm bad, there's no need to punch me in the face, in the chest, or to break my arm! I learn fast, and I clean up after myself. Hey, I even do the dishes, and I wash windows. I got the look you want to know better.

Not a chance in the world. It's the way god planned it out, wanted it to be. "PAIN IS ALL YOU WILL EVER KNOW. SO ENJOY IT!" He screamed this in my face so many a time. So many, many times. "*Elegua, Chango, Obtala, Yemeya — ayudar me.*" I yell back with the fierce force of the thunder and lightning (provided by Chango). Help me. Help me to overcome the devils in my way. The obstacles of life. The messengers of pain, suffering, despair. Show me the light at the end of the tunnel. Swear to me that there is hope after all. That all is not lost. That it can only get better from here.

By the time I turned eight, there was no turning back. My soul consumed, it was just too late. Times up, see ya later. Sporting a low cut fade, and a "bring it on" attitude, I was good to go. Hand me my first revolver and I'm quick to splatter ya brains against a sacred masterpiece. Give me an automatic jammy and the hicks in the liquor store got they hands up as mine is soo deep in the register, my dick is hard. At eight, I make em all disrobe and strip em of they jewelry, cash , and credit cards. The women cry, the men yell as I put one quick into the skull of the biggest, loudest, baddest mutha fucka in dey. Since he's showin so much balls, I gotta drop him... word,

picture how hard it'll be on em all to know they been had by a Half Pint-Wild Cowboy-STICK-UP-KID. Picture how even harder it'll be for New York's "Finest" to create a case outta some shit that makes em all look like fuggin fools. A fuggin million and one little fuggin gangsta-looking, hip-hop, down-hoody-on-with-some-black-Timbs-Dominican runt... fuggin every goddamn kid that passes — FITS THE DESCRIPTION! So I hit another, and another, and another, and his brother. Of course I be spreadin em out. I ain't no fuggin fool. One in the Boogie Down, one out in Queens Village, flip one up in Yonkers and the other in East New York. I get around.

One fuggin little Asian greeting store owner was waitin with a Lorcin .380. Waitin. Just waitin fa the day he could lay some steaming iron into the gut of some dope fiend, greazy *ladron*. A robber. He wasn't really expectin a soulless, little cutie pie. As cute as a button. A little elf... only this elf was quick to spit a razor blade outta his mouth and slice ya face wid da quickness. Leave you scarred for life. Physically and definitely emotionally.

Imagine, there you are with a class fulla fifth graders, and now you look at them completely different... could you really imagine little Timmy Whittiker spittin his Gillette so fast, you don't know what hit you. You there with this dumb ass look on your face, almost a smirk. Holdin your cheek. Little do you know you are really holdin your cheek together cause as soon as you move the blood comes pouring out, like a scene from a B grade horra flick. Could Timmy be turnin tricks on Forty Deuce? Could Timmy be teasin the Chicken Hawks with his tight jeans showing the curves of his ass? Hustling them outta every dime? Crying loud and violently when they start to penetrate... shaking, whimpering... the whole nine yards... the john's dick won't even get up again, so he takes the fifty and gives them a fake hug and a sloppy kiss and leaves a redi-made polaroid on the motel bed.

Nah, no kid will ever look the same to him again. 65 stitches later. Months of back and forth to the plastic surgeon. The devil lurks and hides in mysterious places. It's true. I seen the nigga so many fuggin times, word, shit is beyond real. Beyond true. It was the devil himself who stole my soul. LADRON. THIEF. Just like he'll steal yours if given the chance.

STRESS

Blunt stained fingertips type this manuscript. Yellow tipped tobacco stains reeking from a mixture of fronta, hydroponics, holywater and patchouli-scented botanicas. I cry on the inside as thorns rip away y vultures peck at what's left of my soul.

1000 years of Manhattan's sweltering hell. 1000 years of bloodstained alleys. 1000 years hovering at homeless shelters. The Sheltering Arms. A thousand years crammed into those few years between harvests of Chinese opium making the strongest of the strong, "China White" sooooo good, donnnn't evvvvennnn tryyyittttttt. Word... A thousand years crammed into the short time it took Nicky Barnes, Alpo, Unique, Ya'yo, and El Feo to take over this New Jack City in a half a million a week type way. A thousand years from when crack first hit the street of New York via 192nd and St. Nick, until today. A thousand I tell ya... crack bottles litter my soul and consume the little space in my heart that was left for termites. Never smoked crack, never will, but kicked dope enough times to kill a nation of tecatos.

Jumpin a turnstile in a hippty hop hip hop fashion at noon to catch a I train to the deuce... to what used to be the deuce, anyway. I puff a blunt walking down 8th Ave. from 59th St. 'cause it ain't as crammed and jammed up like 7th Ave or Broadway at this time. Lunch time. I feed my mind, that's about it cause about now there surely ain't enough food for the both of us. I'm tore down by the time I cut across 46th to the square. Times Square was a world of stick up, pickpocket, drug-dealing, scandal-filled weed-speed-and-anything-you-need-type guys all hustling the same few blocks. Blocks where men are women and women are men. Blocks where cops are thieves and all the thieves come to cop. How many bundles of dope I used to flip daily? Shit, I could move a brick in about an hour and a half back then. Back then we all lived in the sleazy hooker-filled, piss-stained hotels of the deuce. The Washington, The Carter, The Martinique, The Holland. Where strung mothers sold their kids, or rather rented them to horny outta town sex fiends who really wanted to fuck his own kids, but never got up the nerve so pays a junkie for a piece of their nephew or niece... you figure it out... if it happened, it happened on the deuce. The heart ticking away. The heart of a

giant of a city. The stomach. Better yet, the bowels of the city. I actually knew a lady who lived on my floor in the Holland who got busted trying to rent her son to two undercover DT's posing as sex fiends. Never forget how she tried to say she was innocent when she been puttin her own kids to get boned since they was seven or eight... fuckin devil's disciples in the flesh. El Diablo... EN PURO!

Start spreadin the news. Homeless decent folks, laid off, fired, stripped of the little they had, fill gym-like city shelters where the lives of their kids are constantly being threatened with drugs, crimes, and more crimes of the unmentionable kind, as buildings lay empty. People like you, people like me. We cry so much, our tears blend into one. Together we can help stop the water shortage. Good people, beautiful kids. Witness things they should never see in the first place. Listen in on conversations of hell, corruption and scandals. "Why mommy, why are all the buildings empty and we have to sleep together in rat- and lice- and mice-infested diseased breeding grounds?"

"Why mommy, if we all starving and broke, why don t they just print some more money? Why? Do they really love to see us suffer so?"

"I guess so!" is all she can say behind a held-back sob. Held back to protect her babies, to protect herself. A thousand years of welfare and food stamps. The land of opportunity. Land of the free? Home of the brave? "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the un-tied stage of A-Merry-KKK-Uhhhh, and to the public for which I stand, one notion, under JAH, with plenty of injustice for all."

I dreamt I was in Puerto Plata (my home town in Dominican Republic) laying on the beach. The water was getting closer and closer until the waves washing against the shore were sweeping across my body, yet I didn't want to move. I could breathe under the water... proving the theory we evolved from the ocean... At total peace in the land of love... we all come to the united slaves for opportunity... before you know it, we need food stamps, Section 8, Medicaid, and the rest of the handouts at the end of the long line of Social Services...

A thousand crews crowd every corner of Washington Heights. Is there really that many drug addicts in the city cause there seems to be enough for everyone. Collect on the streets and run home to wifey or mommie where welfare pays the rent and buys the food, so I guess the cold fast cash is for a 1996 525 after all. Leaving plenty left over for the five bags of Chronic

needed for daily consumption to ease my mind so I don't get toooo STRESSED out and start going, buckwild.

It takes a DEVIL like Gouly-ani to let his pure jealousy and envy get in the way. It's all too obvious, HE CAN'T GET IT UP, and if he can, HE CAN'T FUCK for more than a few grunts and a squirt anyway. Jealous that we live with legs wrapped around our back, heels digging in, eyes crossed in an orgasmic stupor as it takes an average spic an hour or so to bust a nut... take one every three hours, or as directed by a physician (Dr. Jam is recommended!). We are a race of love, a race of lust. We live for life as the MAYOR searches for a 24-hour drug store to buy his Preparation H and tries to remember the phone number to Dr. Wha's his name — "Dr. Zizmore" for some in office hemorrhoidal laser surgery of course being the Mayor, he'll zapp his ass free of charge, wait till the Mayor leaves, and sniff around the used cotton and utensils as Dr. Zizmore jacks off to the memory of the political asshole that left behind a peculiar odor in his office... his biggest accomplishment yet... "Please cum again Rudy, next time at your place, I do make house calls, especially at Grade Mansion, and I'll wear my pink surgicals again, and you can call me Daddy if you want..." Kinda explains why they wanna cut school lunches, cut welfare, cut all handouts and helpers, while they vacation and make these decisions in our country, Dominican Republic. You figure it out. They never went hungry for a day, let alone a week. They never lived in hovels called tenements, with 14 people in a one-bedroom joint... They never struggled, suffered and cried themselves to bed, like so many ghetto children, living in pure pain and agony. Everyday feeling "shortchanged" as they see the images of perfection, of perfect lives flashing before their eyes via TV, Media, Movies, Magazines and News... "WHY, MAMI, WHY?"

RICKY

I don't know how to start Ricky. See not every story I write has a sad ending. Some don't end. Some go on forever. Flowers bloom into his smile, I take my lips and nibble the end grabbing a pedal in my lips. Take it out and stroke it. Taste it. Got to be some good outta that bad, right? This is a kid I barely knew awhile ago but has since "adopted" me and we been an item for some time now. I first met him back when I was livin on Post Ave. and I never really paid it no mind. I was walking the dog that morning and he started a conversation with me. This cute little light-skinned Dominican with these raggedy cut-off shorts and a bullshit \$2.00 shirt. Struck up some PitBull conversation. I thought he looked familiar. I thought maybe he was the brother of P.J., this kid that used to hang with my cousin Juan and I used to fuck around with *a veces*. Anyway, my uncle Joselito was there and as we were all talkin dogs, Jose reached out and grabbed a handful of shorty's nut/dick "handwich." Shorty snapped, "Hey, what the fuck nigga!" and my uncle just smiled and laughed and the kid gave the same nervous smile and laugh and right then and there I knew at one time or another my uncle had him in some way or another. It never really crossed my mind again.

At times I find myself in a hypnotized ass hunting state and would find myself on Post and around this shorty's building. Kinda outta my mind. Kinda hopin I run into him. Kinda wishin I'd end up with his ass smooshed against my face. Kinda kinda kinda. Anyhow, I never did find him. Maybe one of a dozen other niggas ended up in my bed one a those days. I always got it like that. From Vico to Pochi, to Amaudi to Joel. Never a shortage of tight round brown butts for my palms, tongue and dick to enjoy...

Anyway, time goes on — as it usually does and I started becoming real close with Vico. We started hangin on the regular and he moved in in a matter of days. His deal was like this. His mother — an alcoholic — and his father lives outta state in some Dominican community in Massachusetts. Anyway, Vico is his nickname, not his birthname. For those a yous that don 't know, *vico* means like cross-eyed or somethin. He definitely was. I never got to know his real name and the problem with him was he got too comfortable too fast, know what I mean? He used to be wearin my pants and

shirts to school and I guess when he fucked up my Calvin Kleins by an exploding pen in his pocket, I just got bent outta shape a little. These joints was basically brand new and definitely costed way too much for him to fuck em up on a 50 cent pen. Ruined. And I never really minded if he did bring too many different people to that house, if they was cute and willin, it's just my uncle used ta flip, you know, with him pumpin dope and shit. Also, his brother is this mad queeny kid like 17 or 18 who is just plain "out" and don't give a goddam fuck and that takes balls in this fuggin drug-infested meaner-than-mean ghetto we live in. I mean he be all swishy and shit but for some reason, he never gets beat down and shit. I mean we do our thing but I ain't like no swishy kind a kid. I come off as stra8 cause it's my style, you know, hip hop and all that underground gangsta type shit with baggy saggy pants and half my ass showing, hat flipped backwards, and a row of gold fronts.

Anyways, Vico had this mad round round ass that god gave to him in return for being cross-eyed. Been there, did that, done! just perfect! Flipped out from his back. Light brown half circles! You know the type. Anyway they was mines till he got in the way of my jugglin acts. You know, cock blockin and shit. I mean, I never seen no rings on his fingers or nothin. Just cause he gives up ass, what that means? I can't get no other ass? We never made no commitments, and he knows how many other kids I be doin at least a year before we ever fucked, so why he wanta try and fuck up my game? Specially when he used to be out to his mother's or wherever he used to go for just about every weekend. Who knows where he really went, all I know is he stayed by me Monday to Friday and left Friday night to Sunday.

The first night we slept together we smoked some herb and just fell asleep but I woke up like 2 am think I'm dreamin and just about to cum. My dick throbbin and all that and I'm dreamin I'm on the beach in Santo Domingo and I'm eight inches deep in a dark little beach monkey when I open my eyes and he's suckin me off and jerkin hisself off at the same time. That's all I needed to see, you know the resta that one.

Anyway if they ain't much talk between people I get bored kinda fast and Vico was this kid that useta let me do all the talkin and go along, agree and laugh when appropriate. Just got on my nerves after a while. I mean excellent incredible sex isn't everything now!... OR IS IT??? Well, there can always be excellent sex if you look in the right places. I asked him to leave.

It wasn't really all of a sudden as it seems. It built up over time. The real reason was that now Ricky was workin his way into the picture. I was walkin

one mornin to get a cinnamon raisin bagel and coffee on the bagel cart and this kid came up to me. I didn't recognize him at first, but after I looked in his eyes, I saw it was Ricky. He was pullin on my shirt from behind, "Yo, remember me? You that nigga from Post with the dog. I remember you. Where you been?" I told him I been around and I wasted not a second and pulled my pen and paper and wrote my beeper number and my address on the paper and told him to call and we hang out, or just come over whenever. Like 2 days later the door rang at like 7 am and he was standin there with his backpack and this smile on his face and said, "Luis, can I come in, I ain't gonna go to school today."

I said, "No, go to school you need an education." ...YEAH RIGHT! I yanked his arm into the apartment and double locked the door behind him. We went to the room cause I just woke up and wasn't dressed and still kinda half asleep, and I laid down. Don't you know, this kid I know not much longer than a handshake, strips down to his shorts and climbs into bed with me and wraps his leg around my leg and rests his shoulder into my armpits. DAMN! We just laid like that for like a half-hour and watched cartoons and then I just kissed the top of his head and at the same time he reached down and took my dick into his little grip through the fabric of my boxer shorts. I reached around and did the same to his little tentpole too. We faced each other as I stroked his face and stared into each other's eyes and I put my lips to his and he parted them so slightly and I pushed my tongue into his mouth and met his and we chased tongues for a few seconds until he pivoted around me and laid on top of me, dicks lined up on top of each other and he was makin these little hump motions and finally I slipped my hands under the elastic of his shorts and was feelin up his ass as he was grinding under and pushing the finger I placed near his hole into hisself deeper and deeper. The whole time we are consuming each other's mouths. Deep kissing. And let me tell you bro that deep kissin other boys is the most erotic foreplay of my life. There's just somethin about it that gets me rock, word. Specially if he's the one pushin his tongue into my mouth first. It's kinda rare. It's kinda hard even findin another boy who'll kiss just a regula kiss on the lips but a full-fledged tongue down horny-ass soul kiss — almost impossible... ALMOST that is!!!! He was one! A natural. A "Nature Boy!"

Ricky started grinding into me... askin for it. He pulled his mouth offa mine and looked into my eyes before he lowered his head, pulled down my boxers, and started lickin my balls and the bottom of my shaft. He licked my

dick straight up and wrapped his lips around the head and massaged my nuts as he worked his way down. He was humpin me with his mouth and jerkin me off at the same time. This was tellin me, if nothin else, he did this before. He knew just what to do, and whoever he was doin it with before was a person who could cum cause the way he worked on me, he was trying to work up a load — FAST!

A shiver ran through my body before it tensed and cum started to run out the corners of his mouth. Obviously his mouth was filled and whatever he couldn't swallow in time was overflowin. I lifted him up and shoved my tongue to his and let the cum swim around on botha our tongues. Maybe I sucked my own dick, or wanted to anyway.

A favor must be returned. I trace circles around his face with my fingertips. I lick his lips from the outside. Lick down his neck and work my way to his nipples. Suck around what in a few years will be muscles. He loves me and I love him back. We are one in the same. For the moment, possibly. Only god knows for sure. Licking his stomach. I'm in heaven, as is he.

I work my way down to the staff of life. Take him in and turn him out. He doesn't want to climb on top, seize his captor and go to work, he'd much rather lie there letting me work him into orgasmic frenzy. He does. I do. He convulses, shakes, shivers, and a tiny drop of dew comes to the tip. His first. I take the tip of my tongue, extend it, taste it. Take the drop into my mouth. Vanilla. Sweet sweet vanilla. His first. The first drops of life. Sweet, smoky scent. I savor the moment. Let the drop linger on my tongue. Proud that I'm the one that both god and Ricky have decided to bless with his sacred juice. An image burned at the moment of climax in both of our memories. Forever ours to share. SO sacred it can only be touched by us. Ours. Binding us forever

He laid in my arms for what seemed like hours. We fell asleep like that. Him at my side. One of his arms draped across my chest. The other hand fondling my balls. His head on my chest as if he's trying to hear my heartbeat and join it with his. Chests rising and falling at the same time. Breaths are as one. One of my palms resting on the warm mound of flesh below his back. Fingers so naturally curving to the form and using his sweat to lubricate the entry into him. I know it's only a matter of days or even hours before I consume him in the fullest way. Maybe even a matter of minutes. To see something so perfect, so beautiful and to know it's yours. It's the same

feeling one probably gets on a Christmas morning with so many presents under the tree for them. Only for them. Even got their name on it. Well, I never had a Christmas but this mutha fuckin ass all hot, steamy and ready and in my hand got my name on it bro, you can bet that shit! We dozed off and I woke up in about an hour or two.

I scooted down and put my face to his cheeks. Took little love bites, nibbles. Licked. Slobbered. I drove my face between the cheeks as I parted them with both hands. He pushed his butt up to my face as hard as he could. I took a deep breath in. Bittersweet! Licked around the ring and started to tongue away at his passage. In a matter of minutes I had half my tongue inside and was workin my spit in and around to lube it up and stretch it open. I made him squirm. I was grindin my dick into the mattress. I worked on his dick and nuts underneath as I no longer needed my hands to hold him open, he was using his instead. He held his ass open and I was suckin, stretchin, lickin, spittin, droolin, spreadin, just all around gettin his sweet little ass ready for my dick.

He maintained holdin himself opened as I climbed on top and guided my dick into him. He was pushin the head of my dick right into his waiting, slippery hole. It went in with little resistance. I started slow as I know I'm kinda hung and he's still small. I took my time. In to the hilt. I was takin full healthy strokes and now I was starting to get bored so I flipped him over tried on the straight on approach so I can look him in the eyes and kiss him at the same time. I hope he's ready cause I'm a kid who takes a long time to cum and the more I want the ass the longer it takes me to bust a nut... 45 minutes later and I'm still sawin away. Finally I pull out. "POP!" (also the sound of champagne opening) I pull on my dick like 10 times and shoot a load right over his head with a few drops catchin his stomach and his neck.

We collapse in a mass of sweat, cum and ecstasy... I woke up around 1:00 pm. "Yo Ricky, wake up nigga, we gotta get up, it's gettin late. We gotta take a mutha fuckin shower and if I don't eat nothin bro I'm gonna die, word, my stomach is touchin my back!" He looked up sleepily and I'm not even sure he heard a word I said but I got up and walked to the bathroom and he followed behind rubbin his eyes. I turned on the shower and put the plug in the bath and stepped in. He followed behind and stood in front of me. Ricky reached out like you do when the cops tell you "GET AGAINST THE WALL AND SPREAD EM!" His hands on the tiles and his legs spread as I smooched the cake of soap between his cheeks to get a lather. I ran the bar

along his back and up and down his legs, then set it aside and ran my hand all over his smooth little body and proceeded to wash him. He got hard even faster than me. I turned around and he did the same to me. Soaped up my body and we stood under the spray of the shower and let the water wash all the soap off. We just stood there for a good 10 minutes with our eyes closed, hugging. If he was the same place I was, we were together under a waterfall in Dominican Republic. Naked. Standing in a shallow pool of the waterfall. Parrots singing in the trees and coloring the already beautiful trees. Together. Alone. Together. A warm tropical breeze carrying honey-scented air everywhere. My country. My home. My heart. I could hear my own heartbeat in my ears and I opened my eyes to see white-tiled walls and a sky-blue shower curtain. Just me and my nature boy.

We stepped from the shower and dried each other and went into the kitchen. He was skipping behind me like the tropical gnome that he is. “What you want kid?” I asked.

“Whateva!” was his one-word reply. We decided on mangu, fried eggs, fried cheese and morirsonando (fresh squeezed orange juice with condensed milk and spices) to wash it all down. We ate like kings or queens or better yet, princes. The whole time naked. Two nature boys, not one! He’s my nature boy and I’m yours.

We went back to the bedroom and sat back on the bed and flipped the TV to Gilligan’s Island. He grabbed my chin and turned my face to look into my eyes and put his eyes like less than an inch from my eyes and looked straight into them. Probably trying to see if he can see himself in my soul. He’s in there but I’m not sure if he can tell. Here he goes again and starts with the kissing... here we go again. “Wait Ricky, let’s chill, I don’t want to fall asleep again, let’s get dressed.” The little flirt. He just got up and sat down on my face. I licked around for a few seconds and gently pushed him aside as I got up to start to get dressed. Ricky just laid there with his arm draped across his face. I couldn’t tell if he was crying or not so I said, “Yo!” then again, “Yo! What’s up? What’s the matter papi?”

“You hate me,” he replied. I broke down and laughed. Yo bro, I laughed my mutha fuggin ass off, cause you know what? I was myself right there. I knew exactly where he was coming from. I remember exactly at 11 years old how I just barely stayed confused. An emotional roller coaster ride. Scared. Always ready to be used. Or better yet, always thinking everybody was using me and nobody really loved me. One minute all happy slobbin someone’s

knob, next minute if he don't give me 150% of his attention, well then he hated me, yup, that's it. "You hate me now, right?" His next question obviously waiting for encouraging words of love and devotion.

I replied, "Hell's no, papi, I love you the best, you my nature boy!" He threw his arm from across his eyes and jumped into my lap. Kissed me full on the lips and said, "I love you too Luis, I loved you since I first seend you! You dope! Everyone be sweatin you! Now they can all go fuck themselves cause now it's me and you, right Luis? Me and you, right?" I hugged him as hard as I could without breakin his toothpick ribs and kissed him on the forehead, his cheeks, his neck then his mouth. I laid him on the bed and took his hard little dick into my mouth and gave him the specialist treatment I knew how. I left him squirming on the bed as his little red dick probably coulda glowed in the dark as hot as it was. But even though I wasn't in the mood to bust another nut right now, there's plenty of time for that, but if he is as much like I was at his age, it was the kiss that sealed the envelope. The handshake that completes the contract. In other words, it was how he would know right then and there that, yes I love him. I love him with all my heart and soul. My boy. My nature boy. Yesterday, today and tomorrow.

LAST DAYS IN PARADISE

Rain wakes me at five in the morning. Tropical storms are the one thing I don't miss about D.R. when I'm in N.Y. I been in Puerto Plata since November. My house here is one to laugh at if you are not used to Caribbean ghetto architecture.

A tin roof is supposed to protect me from the drops which are bigger than my fist. It's the tropical winds blowing the rain through the wood slots making up the sides of my house. I'm wet. We got no electricity after sundown, and no running water inside the house. Dominican Republic's version of Jamaica's "Trench Town."

Rain is life. People come out in the rain to wash in God's tears. We pray for better years to come, and a TV set. The shower is in the back yard. You fill your bucket and attach it to the tree in the "shower" area. Grab your soap, and get busy. That's how it is around here. Chickens, turkeys and goats fill the yard. I wake up to milk the cow at dawn. It's in me. I been doin it for as long as I remember. A stressless life. Yeah, we don't got Genesis, or much of anything for that matter. If I wanted it better, I got rich uncles in Playa Dorada. Drug dealers from NY City's mean streets...

My uncles make my balance in life. They make sure I got the latest styles in sneakers and clothes and shit, which is all you really need on this island to feel like a NY Joe. Makes you a Dominican Joe. I like the easy life, but still enjoy the phat hip-hop styles you can't get here. They bought me a Honda CR 125 so I can get around. An island with no stop signs or signal lights. My uncles got those "Lifestyle of the Rich and Famous" houses. Basketball court, pool, Jacuzzi, jet skis, the whole nine yards, but I got my pride and got to be me. They have their wives and families and don't need me around to fuck shit up, which I can do so well. Plus, they don't want me around their kids. Afraid of the bad influence I can be in an all-around fashion. Yet, they never turn their backs on me for the essentials. Something you live without on this tropical contradiction.

A place where you get beat up and fined for a faded haircut, or get a year for a joint, yet kids run free, naked on the beach in a paradisaal way. Naked bronze skin of the gods. Where a kilo of coke costs less than a third of what it

costs in New York. Where you get pulled over and the police beg, “Please, give me something because it looks like you got!” The place where kids in any part of the island want to ride your scooter or motorcycle so bad, they will do anything for a ride. Anything!

My mission for the day starts at dawn. I wake up with the sun. Do some chores for my grandmother. Slip on some Pepe shorts with a rasta belt, a Dominican flag T-shirt, and a pair of Nike cross-trainers with no socks. Pick out which hat to wear, usually a NY Yankees, put on my hoop-and-cross earring, and a pair of sunglasses. I take my Honda to Playa Dorada and park it in front of my uncle’s house. *Desayuname*. I eat breakfast at his house almost every day. *Mangu* (mashed plaintains with onion and vinegar), *queso frito* (fried cheese), and goat’s milk. When I’m done eating, I usually go check out his horses and smoke a blunt rolled in tobacco leaf. I like to smoke every day, but have to be very careful where to light up. After I catch a buzz I walk to the beach which is only some feet from the house.

We got a beach crew. Me, Jonny, Nelson, Rafi, Santo, Edwin, Guandule, and Carlito. We hang out from morning to night on the beach. We do what we can for money. Me and Jonny rack up ’cause we speak English, we bag all the tourists. We hustle just like in NY, only hustle anything. From coral to jet ski rentals.

We act as middle men for all the beach transactions. Then come the sex tourists. We got shit sewn up. New York street experience in a new market. We are the kings of this beach. Well, I am the king and the other kids are my disciples.

We meet on the beach every day at exactly 10 am. Me and Jonny are the closest of the crew. We been together since he was nine and I was fourteen. When I used to go back and forth between New York, Chicago and D.R., Jonny, whose real name is Nicolas, would cry and carry on and call me in New York collect every day. He had no family and either slept with me at my granma’s, with a trick, or on the beach. The cutest of our band of pirates. A turned-up nose, copper skin, curls flowing over his eyes making him even more of a puppy. My puppy. Big brown eyes and freckles. I never seen him with a shirt, and the rest of his little bit of clothes were mine at one point.

Jonny. A kid who stowed in a boat to Puerto Rico ’cause he wanted to see what it was like. The kid who calls me in New York and tells me, “Luis, you know where is New Orleans? I can get a boat ride there.” Or, “Luis, do you know where is Brooklyn docks?” When I lived in the City, I almost always

expected him just to knock on the door one day. Jonny. My angel of the beach.

Then there's Nelson, who used to live a block from me in Manhattan. He used to be with me 24/7. A real Taino Indian looking kid. He lived with his mother and brothers and was definitely falling between the cracks. He would be out in the winter in a T-shirt. When I was pumping weed for my uncle on 192nd, he would stand with me all day. He'd show up after school with toast and two coffees, and sit around eating candy cigarettes. His father found out about our relationship and threatened me, beat him and moved him to D.R. — a block from where I live! God's a practical joker, I tell ya. So now we together every day while his pops drives a cab in N.Y. Gracias a Dios. Nelson is the quiet but deadly type. He doesn't talk too much, but when he does he is real serious and sincere. A smile to light up the heavens.

I met Rafi when I lived in Santiago, which is like 45 minutes from where I stay now. He is a white Dominican kid who was from New York but he was fucking up in school and gettin in a lot of trouble and shit, so they cold deported him. Rafi and me was weed buddies. We smoked out together from the first time we met. We would get twisted with rum punches and blunts for breakfast. I would squeeze guava, mango, oranges, bananas, ice and Brugal into a delightful mindbending treat. Then once we was ripped, we would listen to the hardest of hardcore hip-hop like NWA, The DOC or Kool G Rap, and reminisce together about the "Big City of Dreams" NEW JORK.

Santo lives two houses from my granma's. He sports curls into a fade, big juicy brown eyes, and a perfect Black and Indian mix. He used to sneak out of his house when his ma and stepfather would be smashed and climb into my window and under the sheets. He always wanted to be my girl, and was, many nights. He'd cuddle into me backwards, ass to dick, and gently slide outta his shorts. I'd be doin that ass for an hour or more, no joke!

Edwin is younger than all of us by a lot of years. I think he's like eight or seven or just a midget. He wears nothing but underwear outside. He's the acrobat of the crew. The one doing flips and leading us to somersault down the beach. He's a blonde. Blonde curly hair, brown skin and green eyes. He is definitely perfection. God's masterpiece. He's also a C/J: Cum Junkie. He takes a squirt in his mouth every morning for breakfast. How many times have I flooded those tonsils right on the beach at 10 a.m. I make fat cash sellin his fat little ass to hungry-for-ass tourists. We get 400 pesos for an

hour. It works out to about 25 or 30 dollars. Not bad for a place where the average income is about 700 dollars a year.

Guandule is another kid I fell in love with at first sight. He got long, long curly black hair and a beautiful face. He is another knockout. When I was thirteen and he was ten, we peeked at this man fuckin this lady on our beach, then she was suckin his dick. When Guandule saw this, he got down and started to suck me off. Totally unexpected and unplanned. I just closed my eyes and fucked his mouth for as long as it took to nut, which was about five minutes. We been friends ever since.

Then there's Carlito. He is the crispy one of the crew. Black. So black he looks Haitian. Once he gets a little rum in him, he wants everyone to screw him. He always plays drunk like he don't know what he's doing. Everyone knows he knows just fine. He got a real black kid's bubble butt. When he's not drinking he always pretends to be clockin the naked women on our beach. Nice try.

Almost every day when we meet on the beach, we lay around and sort of play with ourselves while we loungin on the hotel's chaise lounges. Usually Santo is the first to pull his dick out and the last one to cum. It turns into a morning frantic wake-up contest of jism. To see who can cum the most, shoot the farthest or first. I usually win 'cause I'm the oldest and most sexual outta the crew.

It usually starts off when Santo or Edwin ask me to tell some stories about New York, and I always go into the hustling stories. How much some men pay to eat or fuck your ass. Next thing you know, a half-dozen Dominican kids from eight to seventeen are workin their works to the fullest of fullness. Mad times it turned into a beach orgy. Someone sucking, someone else gettin boned, someone else jerkin someone else, someone else gettin boned. Good way to start a day in paradise. "WELCOME TO FANTASY ISLAND." Watch how fast D.R. becomes the Thailand of the future. Watch. It's a lot closer and basically as cheap. A poor country with starving kids starving for love, affection, food, love, money. Mark my words. There's more than 700 homeless kids in the capital, Santo Domingo.

Look, if it does become a sex capital of the world, don't blame it on me, I'm only observing. Although I do my best to make your experiences a pleasant one, I'm only doin what I know best. Yeah I'm introducing the trade to anyone I can, but look, it's money and fun and my friends got a lot less than me and I ain't got shit.

When you live in New York, especially Manhattan, there's always a lot of pressure on you. Pressure to have what you never can. Things you would never dream of owning in the ever-so-humble place of Puerto Plata. Yet in New York, you fiend for these things. Gold chains, hundred-dollar sneakers and boots, seventy-dollar jeans, thirty-dollar shirts, leather jackets in the hunds. Shit, in D.R. you lucky if you got two sandals that match. Or worse yet, the average kid in D.R. don't own shit but underwear and maybe a pair of shorts, if you are fortunate. Meanwhile, kids in New York be in Jordans and shit. Just their sneakers be like a hundred dollars! Pressures you don't have to feel if you don't want to on the island. There's really no Joneses to keep up with. A life of humble nothingness.

When I feel sick, which has been more and more lately, I get crippled in a junk-sick way. I got no appetite 'cause I puke most of the time. I get chills, fevers, I even wake up outta bed hallucinating, sleepwalking, or tripping over something or someone. My family has a hard time dealing with me when I'm sick and probably hope I will die soon or go to a hospital. All I ever need is some good weed and I feel like fifty percent better. Like in a week or so I'm back on the beach playin with my posse who are afraid to ask where I've been. Afraid to deal with the truth, be it illness, or even that someone is more important to me than them.

I got a three-page letter from Kevin, my continental dad, today. It takes like a year and a day for a letter to get to me from Chicago. Today is the 2nd and he says he'll be in Puerto Plata on the 5th, giving me three days to get myself ready.

I live about a ten-minute car ride from the airport. Kevin's been here many times, but not while I been sick and gettin sicker. I always felt I was too skinny to begin with, so now I'm a fuckin twig. A mop, 'cause I'm all skinny, and now I got this head of curly mop-like hair, all frizzy and shit from the salt water and the sun. I know I look good and shit 'cause I be stuck in the mirror, but now, like I said, I'm too damn skinny. I'm kinda nervous 'cause last time he saw me I was feeling great and actually eating three full meals a day. It's that I'm a lost soul in Illinois, New York, anywhere but here. I was in Illinois for Christmas with a few of my little brothers. Kevin be the only Santa in the world with a Cause. He has helped make our world a little lighter. Lessening the burdens of existence. Although at times it's like the difference between 200,967 pounds and 200,965, but it's the fact that his

heart is there a hundred percent of the time which brings a little inner smile to my heart of heartaches.

My brothers Fernando, Gaby, and Raymond love this guy as much or even more than I did at their age. I was an untrusting, suspicious little guy who barely let down his defenses. These guys know nothing of the world of men who search a child's eyes and soul only to see and fuck his ass. How many stolen promises in my life caused me to build a wall in front of my emotions? How many men swore up and down they wanted to suck you off and that's all? How many 200-pound frames came down on this 75-pound (at the time) body to pound a booty? Talked into an extra twenty-spot for unwelcomed services. How many tried to ram a rancid dick down a tight-toothed, closed mouth? Kevin is the only man in the world that recognized me as a person instead of a round ass and long dick attached to a wise-ass mouth and cut-through-your-heart type eyes.

My brothers hold my hand when I cry to myself. They know I'm gonna die soon. They know I cry for my love of them. My love of Kevin. My love of those who loved me for me. A boy who thought his only asset was his ass. Tears for the boy who never had a chance and types feverishly at his manuscripts in hope to leave a memory for those who never knew him. For those who hurt him, for those who loved him. For those who need him. For his babies, for his brothers. A life dedicated to the memory of his father and his family. Secretly fantasizing that maybe he'll get a book advance of five, ten, twenty even fifty-thousand dollars and not worry how he's gonna eat. How he's gonna feed a slew of mouths sucking at his heart, draining and replacing love any chance they get. Maybe even be able to sleep at night for once. Lotto of the soul. I don't dream of driving a Mercedes or running around in thousand-dollar suits. I only dream of not having to give a hundred percent of my heart and soul and body to eat rice, fish and buy a new hat.

Maybe sometime after I die and someone discovers unpublished notebooks and journals of my life, a check will go to my baby brothers. Maybe I'll be studied and analyzed in universities across the world. "That Luis Miguel kid was really incredible, you know, pure genius. A literary monster type trendsetter." Maybe the house they shot my father in will be the Walt Whitman house of the future. A museum location for foreigners: "Yep, that's the bed right there where his uncle screwed his ass for the first time, and this is the bathroom where he took 25 aspirins and slit his wrist, and this is the closet his mother used to lock him in when he came home from two

days turning tricks, broke!” NOT! I’ll never be more than a memory to a few. Some souls cared, some shared and most ran scared. I represented temptation. I am the snake in the Garden of Eden. I shake hands with the Pope and hold my hand there just a second too long, and his dick is hard pushing a tented pole from the middle of his robe. He cums when I smile and wink, letting his hand brush against my ass as I turn to leave. I whisper a secret to him and slip my tongue in his ear...

I meet Kevin at the airport with Juan, my favorite cousin in the world at the moment. He helps Kevin to get his luggage off the slide and I grab a taxi and shuttle Kev to Dorado Naco hotel on Playa Dorada, about a fifteen-minute walk down the beach to my house. Playa Dorada is my beach anyway so what better location is there?

Dorada Naco is my favorite hotel ’cause they let me come and go as I please. I go to the bar all day for water or free *Ron Ponche* (rum punch). I can eat there if I really had to, and I know everyone and everyone knows Kevin is my dad in the United States. They know all he has done for me and my family so they treat him with utmost respect and admiration. Many women bring him pictures of their kids with stories of hardships, hoping Kevin will say, “Yeah, maybe you should bring him around.” Which he has never done, probably outta respect for me. ’cause I know Kev and, shit, one of these little monkeys would be able to take off where I left off. I know after I die, he’ll probably be back to capture memories and one of these clean, barely-used boys as opposed to a possible HIV friend of Miguelito beach urchin type, which I know he finds more exciting than a pre-planned marriage, but the game is so dangerous in this day and age that it’s not even worth the challenge. He knows I did like everyone out here, so chances of someone being infected is large.

I picture him standing on the beach with a drink in his hand, waving down the beach to a band of gypsies. My boys, only I’m dreaming. I’m lying in my bed. I float above Kevin and see him on the beach with two of the cutest honey-colored waifs. One draped over his shoulder, climbing on him. The other walking hand in hand. Their huge eyes, perfect curls, full lips, long legs, perfect stomachs are the epitome of perfection. Perfectly smooth, round ass cheeks fighting their way out of too-small last-year bathing suits. Hard dicks push their way out the tops. Kevin takes them behind a rock, licks out their asses and sucks their dicks at the same time catching two mouthfuls of cinnamon-scented jism on his tongue at the exact same moment. He has them

kneel side-by-side as he licks the perfect globes and keeps his spit there on purpose. He glides into one giving him exactly ten strokes, then the other for ten more. Stroking backs, thighs and ball sacks from behind. I can feel their perfection. I am groping them with my soul. I'm about to cum when I wake up and realize my cousin Pedro is sucking my dick. We sleep together. He is ten. We never really did nothing before. The only thing was I let him jerk me off like a million times. Now I wake up just in time to push away his head before I pump venom down his uninfected throat. I never cummed so much in my life. I almost passed out. As I hit the moment, pushed him away, I grabbed his ass with my other hand to cap off the cum shot. The cherry on the pie. Squeezed his tight cheeks and closed my eyes as I cummed up the asses of the two kids on the beach with Kevin. They were twins.

I got up to look for a shirt to wipe the cum offa my belly and had to rush to a window to throw out. I broke out into a cold sweat. Pedro ran scared to me. "*Que fue Luis, tu 'ta malo?*"

"*Si chi-chi, soy malo.*" In other words, Luis are you sick, yes I'm sick baby.

Juan woke up at 9 am and came to my room. Ready primo? I was almost passed out. Sweating, nauseous, shaking. *Coho!* He screamed as he ran out of the house. He came back in an hour with Kevin. When I saw Kevin's face in the door, I smiled. A smile that brought a tear to both of our eyes as we realized it was true, I wouldn't be around forever. Maybe not through the summer.

Kevin left with Juan to Sosua to buy things for me. Special things like *pan de guava*, and *a batida de trigo*: bread with guava jelly and a wheat shake. I sat up in bed when I heard the taxi rolling in. They walked in hand in hand, probably Kevin didn't even notice, but it hit me funny. I felt betrayal, yet I understood. Juan is beautiful. A picture of me at thirteen. Looking more like my brother than cousin. Who knows, maybe we got the same father.

Juan sat at the kitchen table listening to the radio. I spoke to Kevin in English 'cause it's more private. He kissed my cheek. "*Yo te quiero Luis,*" he whispers in my ear and I hug him way too tight. "I love you too popi!"

Kevin and Juan go back to the hotel together and I cry over my lost youth. My lost life. I picture them together in the king-size bed. I get jealous for a second and then jerk off to the thought. Juan is a definite cutie. I'm sure my health has taken a toll on Kevin's emotions, spirit and attitude with life. Juan could bring new life to a man who has watched his boy die a slow death

almost since they met. Dealing with health and mood swings. Which is harder to bear? Shattered dreams wash up on the shore. Tears of defeat left for the devil to drink. A glass of misery. Stolen chances. Robbed lives. Guilt-ridden lust for boys other than the one he vowed to love forever, which seems not quite as long as it should have been. He pretends Juan is me. He relives my youth, his youth. Juan is a new love burning in the fire of passion. Kevin used to hold me, just after my thirteenth birthday, and I would shake. Tremble. He hugged me with love, pure love, even while I would grind at him with my naughty self. Pushing up against his crotch with my crotch or turning around and grinding up against his crotch with my ass, trying to get him to prove to me it was only my ass that he wanted to get into instead of my soul. My desperate soul, aching to be stroked more than my ass or dick. He wouldn't object when I would scoot up on his chest, pull down my underpants and shove my dick past his lips. I'd fuck his mouth for fifteen minutes as he palmed my ass cheeks, pushing a fingertip up inside me trying to time my orgasm which I can control and can let go as fast or as long as I want. My hairless balls slapping his chin. He likes when I pull the head to just between his lips when I'm ready to cum so he can feel and taste the complete squirting. He lets me drift to sleep. I dream of coconut ice cream smeared on my brown body making a contrast of sexy visions. I dream of homemade cookies and candy. I dream of a room of toys that are all mine to play with or smash if I want to. Boy dreams. Then there's my monsters. I dream of splintering wood and blood seeping from the floor. My blood mixed with my father's. I dream of being tied to the bed while a line of tricks I had in the past screw me against my will.

A tortured soul. Tormented by my ghosts. Hiding behind my sunglasses. My window to the world. Kevin, hold me until I die. I'm sad to picture my brothers living life without me. Who will they question, who will they look to, who will they search themselves with, who will they count on? They die when I die in a sense. They skip, laugh and play, left to face their own ghosts when they go to bed and come to me crying in the middle of the night, pleading with God to give me a second chance, and I explain to them I've already had nine lives. I've O.D.'d, tried suicide, been beaten, shot, stabbed, been hit by a car, had my head cracked open when I fell from the second story of my aunt's project house in Rockaway, drank ammonia by accident and contracted HIV. Fernando's face is red from tears and drool and I tell him even when I die, I will watch over him all the time. I will be there. He

can talk to me and I will listen even if I can't talk. Light a candle for me popi, and I will always be with you. I will follow the light of the candle to your soul.

“Kevin, when I die, will you ever forget me, your Looie?” I want him to tell anyone else who enters his heart about pure love. About a man and a boy growing up together. What would I have done with my chanceless life if I never had him in my corner? My drive to be me. My constructor of dreams. Would I have at least been able to tell my tale? I doubt it. I read *Streetboy Dreams* and my life saw reason. We met and my heart had a direction. I am Gito and Gito is me. Has been and always will be me.

I'm not as sick as I was this past week and I apologize to Kevin. I can see it in his eyes that he knows it very well may be the last time he sees me. I kiss him mixing saliva with our tears. I make him promise to look after Juan 'cause he needs him. I make him promise to always look after Fernando, Gaby, and the rest of my people. To remind my brothers of me. To show them pictures and let them read my stories, and never, never let them go through what I have. I make him promise they will never know the distaste of being used by men. Never know the hunger for love. Help them find their dreams and make them know my pain from an observer's angle. Let them be all that I couldn't, all I was afraid to be. Never, I mean never let them travel down my roads of self-abuse. Explain to them how I died only trying to live life the best I could, that I never had a chance, that if you would have met me when I was their age, maybe, just maybe...

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